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FROM BEGINNING  
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## THE RESURRECTION:

### A STUDY IN THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has recognized the distinctive place of the religious faculty:—

Considering all faculties, as we must on this supposition [of evolution], to result from accumulated modifications caused by the intercourse of the organism with its environment, we are obliged to admit that there exist in the environment certain phenomena or conditions which have determined the growth of this feeling in question [the religious feeling], and so we are obliged to admit that it is as normal as any other faculty.<sup>1</sup>

What is the function of the religious faculty? Where is the sphere of its environment? What is the nature of the intercourse between the faculty and its environment, and what the resulting facts of this intercourse? These we shall find by a study of the latest, and what might be called the backbone, development of the spiritual nature in the Western races.

The vital capital of every creature is in commerce with the sun and earth—solar and secular forces—and without this commerce life dies. A larger life means a larger commerce by a richer capital. Each separate organ of the body has its own special intercourse with special forces of the sun and earth: the eye with light, the lungs with air, the heart with heat, the brain with

electricity. The physical environment is divided into energies of the sun and matter of the earth; the physiology of the body is functioned by the physics of the universe around us. The environment may be termed as the ultimate and proximate, for the matter which the earth supplies is inoperative without the energies of the sun. The sun is the ultimate. The vital force, the unseen imponderable we call Life, exists by society.

The higher nature, by which we are removed far from the sentient world below us, may be said to be layered—to speak in terms of biology—with three main faculties. The reasoning faculty translates the world of sense to us; the ethical faculty communicates with human society; the religious faculty communicates with supernatural society. The sphere of the religious faculty is the spiritual universe; the intercourse it finds there is the society of God, variously named as Jehovah, the Ever-present; Zeus, the Shining One; Tien, the Eternal, in China; Aditi, the Boundless One, in India; Tangaloa, the Unrestricted, in Polynesia; Umkulumkulu, the Eternal Father, in Southern Africa. He is the environment of the faculty, who compasses us behind and before, who possesses our "reins."

When we speak of the religious faculty and its environment, we are speaking of the action and reaction of forces.

<sup>1</sup> First Principles, p. 16.

We are accustomed to speak of religious beliefs, rites, customs; but these are of the intellect, and are the literary or artistic expressions, with indifferent success, of the operations of these forces. The religious faculty has produced the facts which have ruled the entire field of history, and we go behind the facts and find the forces which have shaped these facts. There is an internal vital force in the religious faculty, its own force, and there are external environing forces, soliciting and stimulating the faculty. In this interaction we have the events, the changes, the crises of history. The parallel between the natural and spiritual world is more than a mere analogy. The plan of the two worlds is at bottom the same: it is continuous from lower to higher, from the body to the soul, from physiology to psychology.

In the language of science, worship is the intercourse of the religious faculty with its environment. In the last evolution of religion, in the Christian era, the worship of Christ is the distinctive transaction with supernatural society. The response of the religious faculty to the impact of Christ has given the impulse and impress which have pushed the promising nations into the highest civilization, stamped an ideal of character, and shaped the Western races into types.

The Resurrection is the event which introduces Christ into the Unseen, to be henceforward the correspondent of the religious faculty, and when this intercourse is established the faculty passes into the new type we call Christian. The Resurrection cannot be viewed apart from the Ascension, or the departure from the earthly scene. In the Resurrection He is a few miles from the unseen; in the Ascension, within the gates. Electric with sympathy by His sufferings and death, the religious faculty becomes percipient of His presence in the unseen, and responds to

Him, and in the resulting communication Christian religiousness acquires the complexity and clearness which is distinctive of this latest evolution.

The historian laments that Christ did not prolong His stay on the earth after His resurrection, and make the record of the fact conclusive beyond gainsay. He forgets that no contemporary testimony is proof against the unwillingness of the heart to admit inconvenient facts which cross our interests, which demand the submission of reason and the sacrifice of pleasure. Testimony after 2000 years must anyhow go before a court of historical experts, who only can decide, and all others must follow, according to the bent of their minds, and take side with experts, who are always divided. Moreover, religion driven by the force of miracle is a tyranny which excites insurrection. The miraculous, which Christ brought with Him, was one of His dangerous gifts for this world, and the class of temptation which tried Him severely came from this gift. It is often said there is a standing feud between religion and science. This is a mistake of a kind too common; the real feud is between the reasoning faculty and the religious faculty, the self-assertiveness of reason and the self-sacrifice of religion. Religion overpowered reason in the life of Christ by miracle, and the unreasoning violence which committed the crime of the Crucifixion was produced by this civil war which tried to suppress religion. If the Resurrection had overpowered the mind by the merely miraculous in it, it had not served a religious function. Its power consists in its being the persuasive medium of spiritual intercourse.

The lament of the historian overlooks the supreme note of religion. Religion is a transaction with the unseen universe. If even happy relations had begun with Christ in the flesh after the Resurrection, the religion which has

ruled the Western world had been stifled in Jerusalem. There was danger to the innermost circle if Christ had continued longer and displayed Himself in the body. Worship, to be worship, is communication with the unseen world, and nothing would have been gained in delaying this intercourse by His detention in the visible world. Religion, to be religion, reposes on supernatural relations. Christ expressed His sense of this danger, and His urgency about the supernatural relations, when He hindered Mary Magdalene from worshipping Him and despatched her to His disciples with the message of spiritual religion, saying: "Hold me not in worship just now, for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say to them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, to my God and your God"—when intercourse will begin.

There is a native bias in the reasoning faculty against the miraculous. When the religious faculty is clouded by honest doubts, let the miraculous of the Resurrection stand by meanwhile, and communications be begun with the risen Lord in the heavens, howsoever He got there. There is a faith in doubt, as there is light in twilight, electricity in the cloud, as in the hard nut there sleeps a summer of foliage and fruit. We cannot be too alive to the first principle that there is no religion without ultra-natural intercourse, and no Christianity without ultra-natural intercourse with Christ. As this intercourse becomes experience, the manner of the Resurrection as told in the Gospels will be found to be in proportion and perspective.

We are speaking of forces urging life forward, not with theories or creeds of religion. The presence of Christ in the heavens is the supreme stimulus which has pushed the Western world beyond the Eastern. His worship is the en-

deavor of its millions, intercourse with Him the sacred experience of them in whom religion has free scope, the delicate note of their best hymns. "A liability to be unfolded arises from the actions and the reactions between organisms and their fluctuating movements,"<sup>2</sup> is one of Mr. Herbert Spencer's canons of biological science. In the unfolding of religion we mark the growing distinctness with which the religious faculty perceives the supernatural and the growing sympathy of relations.

We are interpreting the co-operating forces of two worlds, not reconciling religion and science, which is an obsolete chapter of literature.

When we compare the intercourse of the religious faculty with Christ, and this same intercourse with the Eternal among primitive nations, we discern the likeness of religious phenomena generally, and the unlikeness which is distinctive of the forward movement. The striking unlikeness is in the disclosure of a more opulent environment and in the simplicity of intercourse which have taken place.

The space between the visible and the invisible which the religious faculty must traverse, is, in primitive religions, crowded with priests, rites, sacrifices, images. The inner circle of the Hebrew nation had dispensed wholly with images, but the rest remained—many rites, many sacrifices, as in all religions. Gibbon says of Roman life, "the innumerable deities and rites of polytheism were closely interwoven with every circumstance of public and private life." Mr. Spencer, quoting a missionary, shows us the power of the religious faculty in the modern Hindu—"he is a religious being of wonderful earnestness and persistency." The Hindu looks this because of the enormous la-

<sup>2</sup> Principles of Biology, vol. I., p. 431.

bor he imposes upon himself to clear his way into the supernatural world. We may say generally that the medium of intercourse for the Hebrew and the Roman was cloudy, and to his credit be it said that he spared no labor to find for the religious faculty its appropriate nutriment, and struggled his way into the invisible.

One of the earliest facts we meet in the evolution of religion through the Resurrection respects the clearness of the way into the supernatural and the directness of the intercourse. The deities and dedications of the Greek and Roman age, which were detailed traces of the divine found in nature and man, were unified in the person of Christ, as the First-born of the Creation. The tollsome purifications, propitiations, mortifications, of the Hebrew age were unified by His death and resurrection, and He was seen the First-born from the dead. The Resurrection placing Christ in the unseen, as the correspondent of the religious faculty, has swept the floor of the temple clean of priest, sacrifice, ceremony, and left man alone with God in an unseen solitude of companionship. The very temple walls are pulled down, and there is nothing between us and God but clear space and sky, lighted by sun and star. Direct society with the supernatural world is the progress made; spirit touches Spirit without the intervention of any earthly stimulus, be it altar, image, priest. The revolution effected is so complete that we have almost forgotten and scarcely understand the deities of Greece and Rome, and it would be an unmeaning sensation to see the sacrifice of a lamb as a religious service. We have only to consider the lordly caste of priesthood supplanted by a democracy which needs no mediation, but transacts directly with the unseen world, to mark the evolution of religion which has taken place.

This development was obtained by an unfolding of the religious faculty and the disclosure in the environment. "As life becomes higher, the environment becomes more complex," is an aphorism of biological science. When the historic life of Christ was translated into the unseen universe, and intercourse was begun with Him, He was seen in the Trinity of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The Infinite, the Eternal, the Absolute, which was the simple conception of the Power with which the religious faculty was responsive, was illuminated by the place of Christ in the Trinity, and the Godhead became sympathetic, conceived in terms of the family. The environment has shown its complexity to the unfolding religious faculty.

The intercourse clarified by the unfolded faculty and the complexity disclosed in the Godhead are phenomena which mark progress and direct the future course of evolutionary history.

The Trinity has been regarded as a mystery which is to be left alone in its unsearchableness. A mystery is a mystery by the light which is on one side of it and the darkness on the other, just as the unknown is the unknown by the light which is on the known side of the unknown. The light on the one side of the mystery of the Trinity, which has excited the evolution of religion, has come from the historic life of Christ passed into the unseen, and His presence there as the correspondent of the religious faculty. Such is the clearness of this light that the darkness on the other side of the mystery is now the inspiring hope of the future. In Heber's hymn the known and unknown of the Godhead have become the emotion of a lyric:—

Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness  
hide Thee,  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

Mr. Spencer has given us a concep-

tion of the Infinite in terms borrowed from physical science: "Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he (man) is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." Popularly rendered, the Infinite Energy means, the Light of light, the unseen sun beyond the seen. It is a reversion to Greek idealism as it passed from the *το ὄν* of Plato, the Being of being, to the *το πρῶτον κινούμεν* of Aristotle, the Energy of energy. If this conception become popular, and a religion be inspired by it to communicate with the Infinite Energy, it will be necessary to revive the spirits of nature which we know as gods and goddesses as a medium of correspondence. Worship would then require the Greek sensuous intervention of deities, sacrifice, ceremony. If it dispenses with this intervention it will be because it has got graft on the Christian stock, as modern Hebraism is.

The critical movements of the Christian centuries have been directed by the quality of the communication which the Resurrection had established, and in the latest epoch this quality divides the Western races in degrees of efficiency. The history of the Western world is a history of the struggle, nobly sustained, more or less successful, with the natural tendency of the religious faculty to revert to the older types. Reversion, or regression, is a large fact in nature. The apostolic age was a brilliant outburst of direct communication, the literature of which is the New Testament, which proclaims aloud the abolition of priest, sacrifice, ceremony. A few centuries later we see a theocracy installed in Rome, and a modified reversion to the classical world has taken place by the revival of priest, ceremony, and a sacrifice obtained by a sort of metaphysical magic, which is known as Transubstantiation.

The Reformation was no other than the brightening of the religious faculty for direct intercourse with Christ. The Thirty Years War was the fierce German struggle to preserve this clearness. Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer submitted to be burnt to safeguard the distinctness of the unseen world which they had found, and Latimer said when the fagots were lighted that they were lighting a light that day which shall lighten all England. The Puritans left England for an unknown country to preserve the form of direct communication which they had found, and founded the great Anglo-Saxon republic. The Methodist revival in England was a clarifying of the space between the soul and Christ, which had become cloudy with dulness and indifference. Andrew Melville told the Stuart king that there were two kings in Scotland, King Jesus and King James, and he represented a national sentiment, which broke out in the Covenanting revolution. In 1843 one-half of the clergy of Scotland threw up their livings in the State-endowed Church, and more than half of the people followed by the force of this sentiment. It was felt that in the choice of a minister the people should come into direct relations with the risen Lord, and that in the presentation to livings by patrons this communication was obscured, and even scandalized. The State refused the abolition of the obscuring intervention, and the Scottish Disruption took place which has changed the whole political, civil, and social life of Scotland.

Professor Froude is in lively sympathy with the Reformers. He holds that the modern world is wholly their making, and he has told the struggle of this making in his "History of the Council of Trent." Yet, throughout this book, he does not come near the inner force at work at this period, and he hangs on the outskirts. Over and again he says, "the original Reformation was a revolt



of the laity against the clergy, a revolt against a complicated and all-embracing tyranny;"<sup>2</sup> again, "The Reformation really turned on one point—whether the laity were or were not to have a voice in spiritual questions."<sup>3</sup> This was apparent on the surface; but why did the laity at that particular period regard a theocracy as a tyranny, and why did they want a voice in spiritual matters, when for a thousand years their ancestors had found the Church a useful intermediary between them and the unseen universe? And why should the result of this revolt be another genus of the same religion, constructing a new order of ideas and forces, which divides, with the older order, the life of the Western world? It is true what Froude, with painful iteration, says, that popes, bishops, and clergy were at this period a body of open profligates, who at the same time claimed to be in communication with Christ and to dispense a depot of supernatural gifts. The demand of the laity was for a moral reformation of the clergy, while the abstract claim of supernatural intercourse was not disputed. There was not a breath of rationalism at this period. Just here lay the problem of the Reformation and the inner forces of the revolution. The communication was not disputed, though the claimants were mere pretenders to it, because the laity had themselves been growing into a vivid communion with the supernatural world, and they felt that intervention of priest, sacrifice, ceremony was not necessary. The corruption of the clergy only brought into relief the direct personal intercourse of every soul with the Spirit of Christ, by which a spiritual democracy was established.

The distinctive progress the Western races have made has been determined by the intercourse of the religious faculty with the risen Lord. Christendom

can be readily divided into two large classes—the Catholic and Evangelical—each with sub-classes, by the comparative distinctness of the Christian religious faculty. The comparative indistinctness in which the unseen world is seen requires the stimulus of priest, art, ceremony, and the metaphorical sacrifice known as Transubstantiation. An indirect worship marks out the Catholic class. The comparative distinctness in which the unseen world is seen makes the direct worship which asks for no intermediaries, and distinguishes the Evangelical class.

The efficiency of the Christian races in the work of the world is measured by the quality of this worship. We compare North and South America, Spain and England, Germany and Austria, Scotland and Ireland, and we find that a high-class energy of commerce and colonizing is the property of the Evangelical communities.

The religious faculty having developed under this pressure, the ethical dispositions take character from it. Environment is another name for society; we become transcripts of the society we keep. Fellowship with the Resurrection power has likened character to Christ, and created a distinctive order of ethics, which has given trend to the politics, laws, and economics of the modern world. It gave a new conception of human nature, and pressed men into new relations with men.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has now admitted that the supernatural is a stimulating factor in the evolution of conduct, though, in his "Data of Ethics," published many years ago, he regretted the persistent addiction of men to the supernatural. In his last volume, lately published, he concedes, with a kind of grudge indeed, but all the more effectually indicating that the reasons for the concession are conclusive, with true genius, slowly and surely, perceiving

<sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup> Lectures on the Council of Trent, pp. 41, 60, 136.



the unity of the faculties which compose our being: "Possibly only a motive so powerful as that of terror of the supernatural could have strengthened the habit of self-denial in the requisite degree—a habit which we must remember is an essential factor in right conduct towards others, as well as in the proper regulation of conduct for self-denial."<sup>5</sup> If Mr. Spencer had not, unfortunately, at an early part of his life resiled from unevolved theological dogmas, and conceived a bias against the religion of his countrymen, and thus come to misunderstand and unconsciously to travesty it, he would naturally, as the genius of Evolution, have shown us that this terror of the supernatural has been modified and become a genial effluence through the historic Person of Christ taking His place in the supernatural. In the life, literature, diaries, poetry, prayers of his countrymen—in Gladstone and Salisbury, in Browning and Tennyson, in Generals Havelock and Gordon, in Faraday and Clerk Maxwell, in Newman, Henry Martyn, and David Livingstone—he would have discovered in thinkers of every shade, representing the millions of the Anglo-Saxon race, that the supernatural has been felt and found in experience to be the home from which we have come and to which we are returning, and that this genial modification has been obtained by the religious faculty responding to the presence of Christ in the unseen. It is a renaissance of "those shadowy recollections" and "mystic gleams," the homing instincts which lay too deep in the old world to be got at.

Mr. Lecky has written the "History of European Morals," and has put his finger on the period when morals received a fresh impulse and took a new departure which has slowly changed the social condition of the Western

world. He says, "Any impartial observer would describe the most distinctive virtues referred to in the New Testament as love, charity, philanthropy." These virtues were in the old world as rudiments, but so rudimentary that they could not be called by that name. The expansion of these ethical rudiments took place quickly under the warm pressure of the Resurrection. A new ethical history began that day when the risen Lord extracted this love from His disciples, and then pronounced the sequence of it as a service to humanity at large. He drew out, with pathetic repetition, the affection to Himself which lay in the folds of human nature, and which we must regard as lying in germ in us, saying, "Lovest thou me?"<sup>6</sup> Then as this love runs into service, He said, "Feed the tender and bruised ones; lead strong, liberal souls; feed and lead all of every temper and condition." The love of Christ is the new emotion which has given to morality its European history.

The service of man found its first sphere in the missionary enterprise. Love hastens to share with others the good it has found, and the chief find is that of the new supernatural world. Almost at the same time it began to equalize the social conditions and to create a new natural world. It soon undermined the old institution of slavery and recast the relations of man to man, of the strong to the weak, the more capable to the less capable. Slavery passed into serfdom, a more humane relation and a step towards equality. This equalizing affection, vibrant of the Resurrection, kept quietly suggesting to the masses the sense of their native quality, and persuading the ruling classes to recognize the native rights of humanity. Feudal villenage disappeared, to be succeeded by the capitalist and the worker, the landlord

<sup>5</sup> Principles of Sociology, vol. III., p. 244.

<sup>6</sup> John xxi: 15-17.

and the tenant. The next step was the grant of political suffrage, educational advantages, and a fair field to all in the struggle for life. We are in this stage just now, the self-regarding interests restrained, and the other-regarding sympathy developed, and if further development proceeds under the same pressure, the conflicting claims of individualism and socialism will be brought into closer accord by the generation of a finer form of sympathy. But we must always remember the historic connection of this social sympathy; broken from the upper fountains, and the fountainless sympathy and socialism must dry up.

Professor Huxley expected a time when the evolutionary process will divorce ethics from religion.<sup>7</sup> It is always dangerous to prophesy, more especially for a biologist to predict that in the next dispensation of evolution the bird will dispense with wing and the earth with air, or the horse with his specialized foot and the sun with its heat. Professor Huxley was in search of an historic illustration of this ethical evolution, and found it in the Hebrew prophets. The very proof he offered had on the face of it the disproof of his contention. He quoted, and could not have quoted a finer summary of ethics, from Micah: "He hath shown thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." The soliciting forces of religion are here in the Lord who requires, in the God with whom the man is to walk. Sir Henry Maine has told us that every nation of antiquity claims a divine origin and supernatural sanctions for its moral code, which means that the thinkers of every nation had found in their experience that religion and morality have a common source, that they are the north and south of a

polar force. This isolation has been effected by superior minds in our day; but so long as the social atmosphere is charged with Christian ideals and influences as it is now, morality cannot discharge itself from religion, and the discharge remains only in theory.

Professor Huxley had the genius to perceive that an evolution of ethics had taken place in the prophets of Israel; but he did not perceive that the force of this evolution came from more direct relations with Jehovah, the Eternal God, that they had dispensed with or made little account of rites, priests, sacrifices as a medium of intercourse. Their message invariably carried this note: "Thus saith the Lord," and they came out of the secret chambers of communion to publish the higher type of morality. But this evolution was only established as a new genus of morality when the Resurrection power had lifted, not only select spirits, but the masses, into direct intercourse with the supernatural world. The Christian qualities of humility and meekness, of patience and courage, of diligence and activity, of truth and honesty, of self-denial and philanthropy—the Christian species of personal character and social sympathy—is a reflection and equivalent of this intercourse. We can trace what the Hebrew would have called the new social covenant between man and man up on to the mountain where the worship of Christ began.<sup>8</sup>

The Resurrection, further, has given a clearness to the moral order of our world, which not merely saves us from confusion, but nerves and cheers us with hope. A gloom hangs over our being by reason of sin and pain and death. We are galled by the sin that flecks us, the mistakes which dog our steps, the littleness which bars us, the fewness of our days, the drudgery of

<sup>7</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, April 1886, p. 506.

<sup>8</sup> Luke xxiv: 50-53.

our tolls, and the shadow at the end. We get dashed with sadness, and we give ourselves away as nothings, with no one to look after us and nothing to hope for. We naturally question the reasonableness of things and lose sweetness. There are not wanting symptoms that the trouble of our world and the burden of being are pressing hard upon the thinking of our time, and though languor is not by any means general, it is not a negligible factor in an advancing civilization.

Professor Huxley has written a classic of the sorrow of evolution in these words:—

I know no study which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity as it is set forth in the annals of history. Out of the darkness of prehistoric ages man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him. He is a brute only more intelligent than other brutes, a blind prey to impulses which as often lead him to destruction, a victim to endless illusions which make his mental existence a terror and a burden, and fill his physical life with barren toil and battle. He attains a certain degree of comfort and develops a more or less workable theory of life in such favorable situations as the plains of Mesopotamia or of Egypt, and then for thousands of years struggles with varying fortunes, attended by infinite wickedness, bloodshed, and misery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and ambition of his fellow men.

Huxley saw no improvement in modern conditions, though he wished it, and it was a relief to him to think that some kindly comet will come and in a collision send this earth back into its primitive mist and on a physical business. There is a sadness which lingers on the edge of the sweet, but this is a sadness on the edge of despair for a benevolent and opulent mind like that of Huxley. Mere science is not able to sustain the peace of the mind or the honors of ex-

istence. When the science of nature declines to interview the supernatural and has no word from it, fine minds deliver themselves to a solitude, and in the gloom of that solitude unkind thoughts will come and a grievance will be felt against the arrangement of things.

Mr. Hardy is a popular novelist of the day and a superb artist. He is not wanting in sympathy with the tragic fates of young human souls. He has felt them and cast them in a system of unkindness which he makes attractive to a class of readers, and perhaps instructive in warning to serious minds, by his art in painting sensual situations. He finishes the tragedy of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles:" "The President of the Immortals (in *Æschylean* phrase) had ended his sport with Tess." In a later work of art he will have science tell that the time is coming when children will say that they are not wanted here, and the wish not to live will become general. The merely beautiful is not able to sustain the burden, the balance, or the beauty of existence. In the pressure of his vastness, in the bars of his durance, in scenes of pain, the artist whines or weeps, at his worst rages. He cannot understand the sacrificial arrangements of the world in his impatience for happiness.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has recognized "malevolence" in nature when parasites are permitted to torture and kill superior organisms, when animals are equipped with cruel contrivances to prey upon each other. He takes comfort in the thought that evolution will eliminate these evils.\* Evolution has produced them, and that it should bemoan its own work in the past by undoing it in the future, and that so slowly as to show still no signs of repentance, is a draft on the future which no

\* Chapters on the General Aspects of the Special Creation Hypothesis and Evolution Hypothesis, *Principles of Biology*, vol. I., pp. 334 and 347.

biologist can honor, for more than half the species of the animal kingdom just now are parasites, and nearly all animals are provided with cruel weapons of offence and defence. A great philosopher cannot be despairing, but Mr. Spencer is bewildered with the facts of evil. Mr. John Stuart Mill was also bewildered, and bluntly tells us so: "No one can be so silly as to expect common human morality from nature. . . . In sober truth, nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing to one another are nature's everyday performances."

The philosophy whose purview is this side of things only, which does not say plainly that it is waiting to see the side of things behind the sunset and beyond the stars, which does not impart a personal interest to each man in the unseen, must be silent on the goodness of things here, for there are laws working in the creation which we cannot justify, and there are things allowed in human affairs which we cannot approve. There is a trouble in the heart of this world which is beyond our knowing, and if it has not part in sublime issues in the future, philosophy has no choice but to pronounce nature criminal and evolution malevolent.

The cause of this uneasiness is easily gauged from the side of biology. A marked phenomenon of progressing life is clearness—clearer form, clearer organ, clearer function, clearer environment. A simple example from the breastbone will illustrate this clearness, in the words of an anatomist: "At first a mere outcrop of the feebly developed costal arches in the amphibia, it becomes the keystone of perfect arches in the reptiles, then the fulcrum of exquisitely constructed organs of flight in the bird, and lastly forms the mobile front of the heaving chest of the highest vertebrata." An air-breathing lung is a clarified organ, the sternum heaving with the breath is a clear

structure, air and light are a clearer medium than water. In the advanced form a co-adaptation of clearness has emerged. It would be a physiological uneasiness if, when the lung had left the gill state behind, the breastbone had remained a mere outcrop of the costal arches. It would be a physiological confusion if, when lung and breastbone had both emerged, the creature had kept its water habitat, or even the amphibian habit of partly water and partly land. There is no more pitiful object than a religious man with a low type of morals, or that low type of thought which makes him a fanatic. The trouble is sharpest because refined, when thought and ethics are highly developed and religion is atrophied or in abeyance.

The science in us, the art in us, the philosophy in us must be in amity with the religion of the latest evolution, or we create vexatious factions within. One of the functions of the religious faculty is to provide a working, practical reconciliation of the discordant elements into which we are thrown by our limitations. In their later history Greek and Roman found the old harmony not correlated to the mental stage they had reached, and they saddened into despair and disintegration. The wisdom of the age had provided Stoicism for the Greek and Neo-Platonism for the Roman in the throes of a transition, which did a noble work, and passed on their gains to Christianity, which succeeded to them as to much else. It was a great Hebrew, a man torn by the contradictions of the period, who found that God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, who became the apostle of the new reconciliation, to the Jew first and also to the Greek. We like to look on the mountains because heights are in us, and on the ocean because far shores and horizons still farther are in us. We like life, because life eternal is in us. What

we want is that amity which will knit into a whole, height and distance and eternity with brief time and hindering space and the scars and seams and shadows we carry. It was with the Resurrection that the new reconciliation began its career.

Death is ever before us, as the glacier pass girt on either side by snowy precipices which we fear to cross, an arrangement of which we do not approve and which we think might have been something different. But the worship of Christ has so wedded death to life, so joined the country here and the country transalpine, that snow and glacier have lost their terror and the pass invites adventure. There are times, oftenest at evening, that the snow glows into a rose and the peaks are tipped with gold and a purple gathers on the sky beyond, and we cannot keep our eyes off the landscape, and what is beyond becomes an inquisitiveness. Every religion lifts the line of this horizon on to another; the evolution of religion which the Ascension pressure has effected has so lifted the horizon as to make a friendly unity of two worlds, so expanded the religious faculty that we regard our interests and relations far away with wonder, curiosity, desire. The years bring us a deepening solitude, the memory of what has been a deepening sadness, the sorrow of the world a deepening pathos, but there is no sense of wrong or anger at the heart as we communicate with the Resurrection power.

Rather we go deeper into trust and hope, we touch the element of infinity, we wait our assumption into the unseen. Our last shall be as the first, a birthday into light and love. Much remains to be explained—the misfits, jars, tragedies which confuse us here; but we see enough to wait the reversion into which we are coming in the resurrection, when we shall find past all doubt that all is love. A modern lyric

of this reversion was written by Newman;—

Praise to the Hollest in the height  
And in the depth be praise;  
In all His works most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.

A second life is an assurance confided to us in the medium of the Resurrection. Mixed in this mystic being is the sense of our continuance beyond death, "a presence which is not to be put by," as Wordsworth has it. Somehow we have not had a freehold in it. It is an awe in many religions, a silence in others, a gleam of the homeland from which we have come, the murmurs of a memory. It has at last resulted into confidence and persuasion. Life and immortality have been brought into light.

To make this second life presentable to the mind and to surmount the inhering difficulties of this presentation, the resources of poetry, philosophy, and science have been used up by the thinkers of Egypt, India, Persia, and Greece. And yet the success of their high endeavor is to us moderns something childish and even grotesque. But we must not forget that we are evolutionists, and evolution means movement, and each stage of progress should be to us a wonder and a pleasure. The nautilus and the starfish are stages of nature's childhood, as the eagle and the lion are of its boyhood. Evolution has done this moral service, to our thinking, that it has put us into sympathy with lower types of life and phases of thought. We value steps, stages, species. Ruskin has said of Greek thought in a touching sympathy: "Nothing is more wonderful than the depths of meaning which nations in their first days of thought, like children, can attach to the rudest symbols, and what is to us grotesque or ugly, like a child's doll, can speak to them the loveliest things." Professor Max Müller has



spoken in a similar strain of the myths of immortality in the sacred books of India and Persia: "You know that philosophers, to say nothing of fathers and grandfathers, are able to discover a great deal of wisdom in childish twaddle."

Plato's myth of Er, in the "Phædrus," was considered in the Greek world as a masterpiece. We see the distance we have travelled from the mind of Plato to find it juvenile indeed. It is only worth while giving a brief sketch of it because of its wide family connections. Er returns to earth after being twelve days dead. He relates that the soul after death makes a long journey, and then arrives on a meadow where there are openings leading back to earth and up to heaven, and where souls meet to relate their experiences. Here also judges sit, who decide upon the character of the soul. After seven days on this meadow every soul continues the long journey till it meets the Fates, who give it the choice of doom. Some, sent back to earth, prefer to pass into animal life. The journey is again renewed till they arrive at a plain called Oblivion, when an earthquake occurs, in the throes of which the next birth is obtained. There are many details which will require a commentary to make plain. The remarkable thing is that myths, similar both in the general and in many particulars, are found in the Hindu Vedas and the Persian Avesta, and what is more striking is their likeness to myths current to-day among primitive races like the Polynesian islanders.

The migration of souls into plants and animals is a noteworthy attempt, in the childhood of the race, to conceive and preserve the sense of immortality. This theory is found in Plato, in the Vedas of India, in the Avesta of Persia, and in Polynesia to this day, and in the folk-lore of our own country, as in Shropshire, where a squire is said to

have appeared as a bull and suicides as monkeys. It is really a myth, and the inner truth is ethical. An adverse judgment had to be passed on bad men, while being tender to them and preserving the deathlessness of personality. The punishment therefore took the merciful form of degraded dignity, and the man had to step down into a plant or animal.

There was also a compulsion of science in the transmigration theory. It anticipates the modern doctrine of the conservation of energy, which has impressed upon us that no particle of matter or wave of ether can be struck out of the universe; it passes into other forms, but is not destructible. It was plain to observers that the elements of the dead body were worked up into plants and animals; it was plain that consciousness had at least an immortality similar to these elements. When the fates of men demanded degradation, consciousness was passed into lower life, if possible to be recovered by a purgatorial process. Analogy of nature compelled this mode of thought. Modern materialism, when we seek the meaning of death in it, is seen as a reversion to a modified theory of transmigration. It takes consciousness to pieces in death, and passes love to a lily, and music to a lark, and memory to the swallow; and thus transforms the dispersed consciousness into new forms. Extinction is outside argument, consciousness must have a stabler persistence than atom or vibration, either as a whole or in dispersals. Materialism is a regression to the childhood of philosophy.

The Resurrection has brought us so near to the unseen universe that we see it as our own country, where our higher interests and relations are. The haze is dispersed which lay on the landscape in which we saw, as weird spectres of the Brocken, the journeyings, the meadows, the judges at the cross-roads, the



fates, the transmigration. We see the eternal in the Trinity of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which gives to the country the family feeling, and the family is the paradise of country and home.

"In my Father's country are many stations; I go to prepare the next station for you: there we shall meet; a little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me." This earth-station in the flesh, in the visible of matter, force, life, is a realm of the fatherland; and the next station, in the invisible of these same elements, is adjacent, over the hills and behind the sunset and beyond the sky. The visible and invisible are one demesne, and death joins them as the isthmus which joins two continents. A marriage joins two hearts once divided, and the experience of the Resurrection power is pictured as the wedlock of the visible and invisible estates. We take our lamps and go forth to meet the bridegroom. The lofty conditions are the hardest fates, and it is because we are climbing up into one of the highest eminences that death becomes the hard fate it looks.

Progress is the simple idea of our future, which we have obtained, continuity is the simple plan, personal identity is the simple hope. The air is quite clear. The future is a scene of labor, service, sacrifice, as here. We drop love to take it up again, we drop service to find another manner of it; we drop the tools of wood and iron, and the methods of steam and electricity, for tools of the unseen in matter and force. We meet with beauty and love in their own native land.

The evolution of the conservation idea took its more ideal form in the bold paradox of the Master: The dead are not dead, and death is not death: death is a moment in life, an incident of being; it is the point of junction between the seen and unseen of us, now in a grating friction. "I am the Resur-

rection and the Life," and he in whom the Resurrection is translated into experience never dies—death is only a seeming.<sup>30</sup> The experience of men looking westwards towards the dipping sun, who have told us their interest in the landscape of the unseen, affirms the deathless death. The researches of biology are into life, and the closing phases of it are the sincerest, and the evening air of it is the calmest. Blake, poet and artist, says he "was going to a country he had all his life wished to see." Kingsley says, "God forgive me, but I look forward to it [death] with an intense and reverent curiosity." Faraday, explorer of physical forces, asked about his theories, says, "They are now over, and I am resting on certainties. I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him." Buckland, with a humor not far from pathos, and with a true scientific instinct of unseen modes of life, said: "God is so good, so very good to the little fishes, I don't believe He will let their inspector suffer shipwreck at last; I am going on a long journey, when I think I shall see a great many curious animals." Dr. Stewart, of Ballahulish, who has written charming books on the folk-lore of the Scottish Highlands, tells us that he once asked a rustic parishioner, "When did your father die?" He was answered with indignation, "Men, women, and children do not die, and are not to be spoken of as dead. They shift from this scene, they depart, they change, they sleep, if you like, and are gathered unto their fathers." And Tennyson, like the Gaelic rustic, knows death as the time "when that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home."

An unearthly splendor breaks out on the Alps, when eight or ten domes, cones, obelisks, lifting their heads in the eastern sky, above a range of moun-

<sup>30</sup> John xi: 25, 26.

tains miles long, are lit up by the rosy glow of the setting sun, while the huge mass of the mountains and the deep valleys are in shadow. But it is the shadowed mass which holds up the peaks to the evening rose. We look with delight and hope on select spirits who have seen lovingly the fatherland from these shores, but they are only the summits of the general level of heightened life which has been lifted by the pressure of the Resurrection force.

When the religious faculty received impression from the worship of Christ, then our future unfolded into a certainty and into a scheme of beautiful thought. It passed the stage of gleam and hint. In the ancient world the intimations of immortality were everywhere, but mostly indistinct and awful. The Hebrew would not speak of it; the Greek argued it out with metaphysics, and as often wavered; the Roman was like the Greek. Euripides suggested, "who knows that death is life and life is death." Tacitus suspected, closing his affectionate monograph of Agricola, "If, as the good and wise affirm, men live on and never die, Agricola is among the immortals." But Paul uses the language of assertion and desire, "For we know that when our earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven."

We are now in sight of the mechanics of the future body in the light of evolution, clarified by the Resurrection. Evolution is an over-driven word just now, and even a magical phrase, like the blessed word Mesopotamia of the good old Scotch lady. But it is a convenient word, if we keep in view the limits of the idea as defining the element of continuity in history. Evolution gives to life the undermeaning of

an orderly process in a unity of idea and plan; it is the filiation of the serial order of our world.

An unseen universe of force invests us, of which light, heat, electricity are the showing, which are appearances of an unseen force in and behind the seen. An unseen universe of matter invests us, of which nitrogen, water, iron are the showing, which Lord Kelvin tells us will be found to be vortex rings, whose attributes are the same as light and heat. Life is the great unseen, issuing out of the universe, and utilizing matter and force to organize creatures. Consciousness is the greater unseen, issuing out of greater depths in the unseen universe which, utilizing matter, force, life, organizes personality. The visible universe is only a manifestation of the invisible universe; its high-class energy is derived from the invisible; the two are one system of action and reaction. Here we are, consolidate of unseen elements and forces; the crucible of death cannot reduce the secrets of their corporate life. What happens in death is that these invisibles are arrested to organize an appropriate personality. Consciousness subsists only with individuality.

The religious faculty, throughout its long career, has foreshadowed a body for the future existence. It was reserved for the religious faculty, under the Resurrection impact, to get rid of rude figurations, and to pronounce, in clear, simple tones, there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. In recent times, the difficulty of the bodily resurrection was forced upon the mind from the fact that the gases of every dead body have been worked up into other bodies, which would thus have several claimants at the last day. Boston, in his "Fourfold Estate," asks to be spared him a single particle of unused sweat, as that would suffice for the seed of the new body—which was preserving identity with a pathetic hu-

mor. In our day, the physical doctrines of the conservation of matter and the transmutation of energy have shown us the potential mechanism of the new body and the mode of resurrection. But the religious mind was first in the field with the idea of immortality of the body, which is no other than conservation and transmutation.

The beautiful mystery which we here encounter is the relation of Life to the invisibles of the carbon compounds and the invisibles of light, heat, and electricity which go to compose the inner body. The outer body is a limiting organization, enclosed in the three dimensions of length, breadth, and thickness. Death is the dismissal of the limitations, and the liberation of the invisibles of the present body for another. Consciousness cannot be dispersed, and the religious faculty has always sought the materials of the reclothing in the present body and poetry has helped with analogies. Our growing insight into Nature is showing us how the arrangement may be carried out. Death dismantles dimension; everything else is retained. We have only to see the elements behind the walls organized again with such accessions as the unseen universe, teeming with elements and forces, will supply to life in its liberated estate, and we have the future body in which consciousness will now wake up with regenerated strength.

Death is the spent physiology of the dimensioned body, but death has no more power to spend away life than it has to spend away matter and motion. There is economy in the universe. The unspent is organized again; the splendid residuum, the real major part, is organized at once. We lodge the ultimates of nature in the unseen universe. The body is compact of these ultimates in the innermost of it, which are rearranged in death—so our intuitions have hinted, and Nature is on the way to verify. The coats, humors, lens which

make the eye are of the nature of light, just as the cells which compose the brain are of the nature of electricity. When the eye glazes in death, dimension has broken down, but the light of life remains. Death cannot resolve the invisibles of the body. The Duke of Argyll has happily said, "The deeper we go into science, the more certain it becomes that all the realities of nature are in the region of the invisible." Religion has been beforehand with this fact; our roost is on the visible physics, the home in the invisible.

Without sensation nature would be dark, silent, without form or color, but it is not lost; it retires into the supersensible. There is a light more beautiful and quite other than that which is sensed by the eye, sounds more melodious and quite other than the ear reports; there is a rose and green and purple more bewitching than ever graced a landscape of sea or land, and there are lines and shapes more entrancing than ever were seen on a maiden's face. Death passes us into a body of supersensible elements by which the sensible world is undergirded. The break-up is an illusion; assisted by the Resurrection we see a transfusion of persistent forces into a new form. There is a silent side to the body as to thought; it has a double, and just now the double is in its infancy. In death, consciousness slides into a body of silence and invisibility, composed of the invisibles of life, matter, and motion. The future body has definable antecedents in the present body. The chamber of death is a robing-room; the Ascension robe is already ordered.

Science lives by the suspicion of things unseen and hoped for. The scientific mind is on the search of its suspicions, and when they are found science is glorified by what it sees and shows of the unseen. Argon was an element in air long ago suspected by Cavendish, but only found the other

day by Lord Rayleigh. Light is loaded with suspicions, and the Röntgen rays were recently found. Electricity is the modern suspicion of boundless promise, and Lord Armstrong has last year found electric waves of a rotatory kind which move one within another, the inner current moving in a reverse direction to the outer, behaving as a whirlwind. Thought is more suspicious still, for we know that consciousness has "abysmal deeps," and the Psychical Society has been for some time announcing that thought can be transferred hundreds of miles away without a medium, and Professor Crookes suspects that there are brain waves of "high frequency" which carry thought, just as ether waves carry light and heat. But the religious faculty is the most suspicious of all: it has been communicating with the Infinite and Eternal, pushing man into the farthest recesses of the universe to discover unseen things. We have been long ago told of primitive religion that faith is the assurance of things hoped for, giving substance to things unseen. In the Christian age the religious faculty has discovered Christ in the unseen universe, and in communication with Him has found things which prophets and wise men had desired to see and had not seen them. As the scientific faculty develops within the religious it shows to us the unseen universe telescoped in the seen, and religion opens a piece of the telescope and shows to science death unfolding forces enfolded in the body of flesh for the spiritual body.

Except the transformation scene of the Ascension had discovered it for us, we had not appropriated these physical conceptions nor have come near to the idea of the continuity of the present and future body, the passage of the body terrestrial into the celestial body by an orderly cosmic procession in the medium of death.

The likeness between the resurrection

of Christ and our resurrection holds only as we regard our resurrection immediate on death. The resurrection body of Christ was transformed in the Ascension into a body of glorified invisible physics, while the visible physics were dropped, exactly as we have here regarded the human body in death, to pass into the unseen elements which lie always folded in the seen and then to be organized into the body of the regeneration. To gather the dispersed gases of the body from the ends of the earth, after the scattering of thousands of years, into a new body, has no likeness to the resurrection and ascension of Christ. Our death is the immediate exchange of the visible physical for the invisible physical like unto the Ascension. Death is our assumption into the invisible physics; the assumption is the service which death gives us: it is instant on death; the spring of another existence, without a wintry ghostly interval. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, we repossess our body in death; death is our ingress into the spiritual body, without a leap or break. "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." We know that when our earthly house of this temporal residence is dissolved we have—not shall have—a building of God, a residence of eternal elements in the heavens.

A considerable literature has grown up in recent times on the evolution of religion. Diligent research has been pursued among the beliefs, customs, myths of primitive races, and many valuable details have been collected; but they lie congested, without unity and ending nowhere, by reason of two simple wants. There is no definite meaning given to religion and to the concrete outcome of religion in worship. The worship of the risen Christ is the common fact of the European world, and we have reached a clear meaning both of religion and worship.

Religion is information received by the religious faculty from the supernatural world, and worship is communication with the Infinite God in response to this amazing information. The Christian religion consists in fuller reports from the spiritual country made to the expanded faculty, and in communications with Christ as with the Infinite God and the Eternal Spirit.

In the light of these definitions, based on the facts of the religious life, inept and halting are the current phrases, the worship of plants, the worship of animals, the worship of ancestors and of ghosts, and that grandiloquent phrase, the worship of death. Plants, ancestors, death are a medium in which God becomes a vision of the soul, but the letter which tells us of a love of a wife or brother is not the wife or brother. In these phrases we are obscuring the sun in the medium of its own light; we are forgetting the sun and remembering the light. If by the worship of ancestors is meant their sacred memory, and the worship of plants the beauty of nature, and the worship of death the solemnity of that change, we are misusing the word "worship," to which worshippers give the decisive meaning of personal intercourse. It is misappropriating a word and throwing confusion into a science. If we had no society to reckon with in the supernatural world, there had been no religion; if we had no society with Christ in the supernatural, there had been no Christianity.

The evolution of Christianity has its ground forces in the new society of the natural with the supernatural. The main social forces which this communion brings into play are derived from three events in the earthly life of Christ—the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection, each holding specific virtues and together imparting that affluence which has given complexity to the Western world. Mr. Spencer

has so profoundly grasped the plan of life below us that the most primitive ideas are seen to run up into the highest life of man. He says, "Whatever amount of power an organism expends is the correlate or equivalent of the power that was taken into it from without."<sup>11</sup> The Christian character is an organism adjusted to the power taken into it from without; the modern world is a social organism, correlate to the power taken into it from without. It is to obtain this adjustment or equivalent that appeals like the following are made: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." The next revival of theology will create a science of these social, adjusting, correlating forces, which began their work with the Resurrection.

The details of the equivalence directly associated with the Resurrection may be summed: (1) The worship of Christ has initiated a complex intercourse with the supernatural Power as the Trinity of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and we have found new "phenomena and conditions" in the environment. (2) This freshening intercourse has dispensed with sacrifice, priesthood, ceremony, simplified worship, and established direct communications with the unseen world. (3) A type of ethics and social relations of the disinterested order have been correlated with gentler feeling towards the supernatural. (4) In the actions and reactions of this intercourse, the natural world has got so proportioned to the supernatural, the present order so put into perspective with the future, as to conciliate us to the sore tribulation of our world and to save us from mental confusion. (5) This correspondence has swept away the haze which hung over our continuity and has brought both life and immortality to the light. (6) We see the future body in the invisible

<sup>11</sup> Principles of Biology, p. 57



physics of the present body; life persisting in death.

If to this be added the powers taken into the organism from the Crucifixion and the Incarnation, we have the equivalents of the affections, thoughts, consecrations, sacrifices which have been expended these centuries in missions, benevolence, art, martyrdom, in the high tides of personal change and social revolution.

The supernatural pressure and the human response under which the evo-

lution of religion has taken place in the Christian centuries have deepened the mystery of being, but have also placed a halo over the unknown. The dust in us is more than ever immanent with divinity, and its secrets are more than ever a hope and quest. We follow fact, reality, experience, in the story they tell of the New Intercourse; we follow the gleam which brightens before the wistful, upward eye; we follow the distant lights which beckon us into the Unseen.

*The Contemporary Review.*

*W. W. Peyton.*

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### SPOKEN IN THE GARRET.

Brother of the bootless quill, put your gear away;  
Flickers faint the waning wick, fades the puny fire;  
Morning wakes the sleepy street: Striver lank and gray,  
Tread with me the rosy path of my heart's desire.

Just to chase the ghosts away, shake me phantom-free,  
What would I to see, brother? What would I to see?  
Bonny vales of olden-time, wooded hills between—  
Dimples bright that pit the cheek of the country clothed in green!

What would I to hear, brother? What would I to hear?  
Horns that rouse the long-tailed thief ringing loud and clear—  
Thunder sweet from Ranksb'ro' Hill, when like leaping fire  
Tumbles free the scarlet stream, to flood the merry shire!

What would I to know, brother? What would I to know?  
Hate and Fear were far from me, same as long ago—  
Hearts were warm and maids were fair, friends were frank and free—  
Just to feel the quenchless hour when the world went well with me!

What is then to do, comrade? What is then to do?  
Ever to the waiting brave opes the tardy way;  
Radiant streaks shall come anon to rib the gloomy gray:  
Fronter of the pelting storm, yonder breaks the blue!

*The Speaker.*

*George Bartram.*



## FLORENTINE GARDENS IN MARCH.

In the majority of cases the garden of a Florentine villa is the mere prelude and antechamber to its far more attractive *podere* or olive-yard. You pass without any great reluctance through a parterre of somewhat disorderly vegetation, where rows of terracotta pots are at this season awaiting their summer occupants, and stone supports lurk idly in the grass until the lemon-trees, still safely housed, can venture to take their stand on them. And in a few minutes you find yourself passing down a more or less steep track, between sprouting blades of corn—maize or wheat, as the case may be—between olives, stained by a thousand vicissitudes of weather; between rows of vines dripping, if the month be March, from the results of a late ferocious pruning; lingering perhaps for a while under the imperfect shade of a *pergola*, until suddenly you find that you have below you a seemingly interminable sweep of greenery—a sweep so intensely, indescribably green that the eye leaps to greet it; one in which the very artichokes seem to lose all culinary and utilitarian associations, and to become stately creatures, acanthus-like in their breadth of foliage, covering whole hillsides with their architectural-looking blue-green leaves.

What a large slice of Europe is taken up by just such vineyards, just such olive-yards as these! Beginning, say, with the Tartaric region around Cete and Tarascon, sweeping over the greater part of South and South-Western France, washed for nearly a thousand miles by the Mediterranean, and following all its contortions and sinuosities; covering all the southern flanks of the Maritime Alps and the whole hilly portions of Lombardy;

pushing boldly up and up, over rocks and declivities, waterless gulches or winter torrents, and only stopped by the snow, it remains a perfect embodiment of Man's wrestle with Nature; it expresses what he has won from her; it points to where he has failed.

On the whole, it may be said that the success far outweighs the failure, for the problem was anything but an easy one. Given a more or less steep hillside, or a thousand such steep hillsides; given a soil so light as to be removable by every shower; given a climate where a vast preponderance of dry days, when the earth becomes as bricks in a brick-kiln, is balanced by a residuum of days when the rain descends by bucketfuls at a time. Given such hills, such soil, and such conditions, how to hinder the earth from utterly disappearing, from vanishing as dust into the air, or being swept as mud into the nearest river—there stands your problem.

We all know how that problem has been met and solved. A multiplicity of stone walls—high or low, as the case may be—have been set up at irregular distances from one another, each wall acting as the base or platform of the ground above, and enabling it to support its crop of maize, vines, olives, fruit trees, no matter what; clamping the earth, as it were, with so many solid stone girders, and thus hindering the whole thing—trees, vines, flowers, and artichokes—from slipping headlong down into the valley beneath.

To the enterprising trespasser—we are all trespassers in Italy—one of the great merits of these walls is that they are never a hindrance, but rather an aid, to his marauding rambles. However high they may be, however steep, however apparently insurmountable,

they are sure to be provided with a means of ascent and descent in the form of a flight of steps—rude-hewn, but exceedingly welcome. How often have I scanned such a wall from afar, and have said to myself, "No; this time there really is no passage!" And at the last moment, on approaching it, a narrow space has revealed itself, like the ladder of ropes to the hero of a melodrama, and up or down that stony ladder I have scrambled, with a deep inward benediction upon its long since buried and forgotten bulwark.

Another, if a less obvious merit, is that along the edges of these walls, and sheltered by them from the blasts, lies the chief flowery wealth of the region—that wealth upon which, if you are newly arrived, and are the least in the world of a botanist or a horticulturist, you pine to fall and to rifle.

Early in March the most prominent representative of that wealth is the ever-present, ever-to-be-desired anemone. Aconites and such early folk are of course over; daffodils, though occasionally to be met with, are past their best; while the tulip is still to come.

The first anemone to appear seems generally to be the violet form of *coronaria*. Violet I call it, but it is in reality any shade from the blackest purple to a nearly extinguished mauve. Next to it in the order of flowering stands the familiar single scarlet *Anemone fulgens*, not often, by the way, growing in a packed mass, as we try to induce it to grow at home, but singly, one solitary blood-red spike at a time springing up triumphantly, and overtopping not only its own parsley-like leaves, but most other leaves and sprays in its neighborhood.

What a presence the fellow has, to be sure! What a sumptuous color—what a magnificent deportment is his! How he takes up the sunshine upon

his damask petals, and how, even on the dullest days, he seems to give us back our full journey's worth in the mere joy of being temporarily the neighbor of such a vision! I say *he* advisedly, because next to *fulgens* in the order of flowering stands the dimly tinted pale-blue *A. apennina*, as distinctively feminine in the good, old-fashioned sense of the word as *fulgens* himself is distinctively the other thing.

Alas for bashfulness and feminine timidity in an age of push and eager competition! About the second week in March every street-corner in Florence and nearly every church door becomes a mingled joy and irritation to the flower-lover, from the multitude of such milk-blue tremblers offered for sale, in company—not a little to my surprise—with an even greater multitude of our own familiar yellow primroses, plucked, not singly, but in tufts and clusters; buds, flowers, leaves and roots, young and old, parents and children, all tossed together upon a common market.

If a shy grower, *Apennina*, as its name implies, is at least at home here; but where in the world, one asks oneself, do these multitudes of primroses come from? So far from meeting one at every turn, along every ditch, under every bank, as they do, or used to do, at home, one may easily spend a long spring in Tuscany without having one's eyes drawn earthward by the sight of a primrose. Yet here they are, and plucked, moreover, with a recklessness which seems to speak of an unlimited supply, or at all events an absolute indifference as to whether another year there will be any primroses left to gather at all.

Last time I was in Florence I searched diligently for nearly a month before discovering a genuinely wild primrose, although myriads were daily thrust into my hands in a more or less

dead and flaccid condition. Suddenly the sight of a bit of unmistakably English-looking oak scrub on the road to the Certosa, brought the conviction to my mind that here, if anywhere, primroses must be to be found. Communicating that conviction to the friend who sat beside me, we stopped our vehicle, and at the end of five minutes' scramble found ourselves in a copse which might well have been imported just as it was from Sussex or Surrey, only that under its still adhering russet leaves were to be seen, not primroses only, or primroses and anemones only, but nearly every spring flower which we cherish assiduously in our gardens, and can rarely persuade to flower satisfactorily with us even many weeks later.

For here were floods of pulmonaria, the blue of whose flowers shades out into every combination of violet and pink. Floods, too, of scillas, pure blue this time, disdaining to perturb it with any meaner admixture. Close cousins of theirs, the muscari, neat little bobbing heads rising club-like amid their sharp green spears. Tulips, too—for the spring was getting on—the large scarlet *Præcox* and the looser-petalled *Oculus-solis*, if, indeed, the two are not identical. Lovelier than either, *Clusiana*, that vision of a tulip, its snow-white petals bestriped with vividest rose, and an indescribable grace of deportment for which, alone among its sturdy, thick-set race, it has preserved the secret.

But space fails to tell of half the population of that miraculous little bit of copse. Yet I must find room for one more plant, namely, cyclamen, two species of which were here, not indeed, in flower, but carpeting the whole ground with their veined leaves, objects so beautiful that it seems unreasonable to expect them to produce anything further. A cyclamen-carpet, by the way, is a piece of woodland furni-

ture which may be perfectly reproduced in any home copse, so long as bracken and a few of our ruder natives are kept in abeyance, cyclamen being among the few non-native plants for which the word *naturalization* is not, in my experience, a mere snare and misnomer.

All this by way of prelude! It seems, in fact, a remarkably lop-sided way of writing about Florentine gardens to devote the greater part of one's space to what lies *outside* their walls. The truth, however, is, though one admits it reluctantly, that, whereas all the wilder regions around Florence are as nearly perfect as it is in the nature of things to be, the deliberately laid-out flower gardens of its villas leave often much to be desired by the devout flower-lover.

Even coming straight from our own poor frost-bitten flower-beds at home, it is something of a shock to find oneself in a garden of which all that one can say is, that setting aside such permanent things as myrtles, magnolias, and oleanders, and setting aside the happily indestructible violet, its most attractive inmates are the flowering weeds which have strayed sporadically over the walls, and are liable, I imagine, to be summarily ejected whenever the gardener has time to attend to them.

In the majority of cases—in all, in fact, which have not been the objects of a specially watchful love and attention—the besetting sin of these gardens is their excessive dryness. They are more than dry; many of them are positively dusty. To a sympathetic eye nothing can be more tragic than the condition of these desiccated stocks, these dust-laden geraniums, these shrivelled and flowerless daisy bushes, growing daily more dried up and unattractive-looking, as the sun and cold wind alternately or simultaneously beat and bat-

ter them out of every shadow of comeliness.

And the provoking thing is, that there is not the slightest occasion for anything of the sort! These drought-stricken creatures are for the most part growing, or rather perishing, within the easiest reach of some tank or basin, without which no Italian garden ever did or could exist. The friendly aid of a watering-pot, or, where attainable, of the still more acceptable and beneficent garden hose, is all that is needed to turn this wilderness of sticks and brown earth into a paradise of greenery and color. A little forethought, a little knowledge of what will and will not flower during those first spring months, are of course needed also; above all, some little experience of what will and what will not stand the fial of those detestable winds which too often make Florentine springs a mere weariness of the flesh to others besides the irascible gardener.

One very important point, I feel sure, in all southern gardens is a steady pursuance of that periodic transfer from sun to shade, and back to sun again; a process which, even in England, at least in its drier regions, all who love their gardens are beginning to realize to be indispensable, if they do not wish to see the living delights of spring turned into the shrivelled sun-stricken corpses of June and July.

In South France and throughout the whole of Italy the process, I take it, has to be much more radical. I asked a local gardener what he did with his daffodils and jonquills in summer, telling him that our method was to dig them up and lay them in the sunshine to ripen. He laughed loud and long over the notion, informing us that theirs were dug up indeed, but stored in the darkest and coolest cellar that could be found, if you did not want

them to be not dried merely, but *cooked!*

The interminable array of flower-pots, big and little, ornamental or the reverse, which forms such a feature of all southern gardens, points to the same necessity. Naturally, for the Italian villa-owner the chief interest is that the garden should look its best in summer, when alone, as a rule, he is in it. Real summer gardening, as we understand the word, is almost nonexistent in Italy—indeed, is said to be an impossibility, though I cannot help feeling a certain amount of scepticism on that head. Of annuals alone there are enough, surely, which delight in heat to produce the most gorgeous results. Take the little portulaca, if something low-growing is wanted; a being which revels in the roasting suns of India, and at home can never find weather hot enough to suit it. Why should not every Italian border be illuminated with its gay little lamps of scarlet and yellow, of white and of orange? Poppies, again? Picture the sumptuous effects of multitudes of great opium poppies lolling somnolent heads in some dusky corner, overlooked by rows of stone river gods, whose urns now and then let fall that mere trickle or sprinkle which is all such vegetable salamanders really require?

For most of us this, however, is a matter of merely academic interest, and if we were on the spot it is probable that the thought of poppies would merely suggest one more snooze in our hammocks, out of which we should be disinclined to stir even on behalf of such mild horticultural operations as these.

For Florence, undoubtedly, can be desperately hot. Across a gulf of years memory still conjures up the recollection of certain July days, and still more of certain July nights, spent upon the banks of the Arno. Return-

ing from a belated stay in the Amalfi and Capri region, we lingered—I cannot now remember why—for some days at Florence on our way north. The oily Dead-Sea gleam of the river below our windows, scarce perceptible between its sun-bleached stones, glimmers before me yet. Still more vivid is the remembrance of the unsuggestive Boboli gardens, seen under the light of a particularly sultry afternoon.

I had strayed in there to escape the intolerable streets, and had found it practically empty. The blackness of its interminable colonnades of cypress and ilex, the spectral whiteness of the space beyond, are still curiously present. I remember the thrill with which I stood, expecting something or some one—I knew not what—to come stalking towards me across that shadeless expanse. For it is one of the odd effects of great heat, at least in my experience, that it seems to loosen one's ordinary hold over what we call the actual, and to throw the reins up on the neck of a wilder, freer creature than our everyday selves—a creature with odd intuitions, and an almost absolute detachment from the probable. The hedge between the real and the unreal seems to get temporarily broken down, and all sorts of mysterious, yet not unfamiliar, figures to come stalking in upon one over the ruins.

This, however, is again trifling! We are not now in July, but in March, and are trying to address ourselves to the problem of how best to outwit its pernicious winds, and to make a garden smiling and gay in spite of them. Dogmatism is offensive, especially from the partially informed, yet it seems clear to me that the whole business tends to compress itself into the two familiar words, Shelter and Water. Of sun there is enough, even during the dullest months, while frost rarely penetrates beyond an inch or two below the surface. Planting

and watering alone will not, however, suffice at Florence, as they suffice at Cannes, Mentone, Bordighera, Algiers—indeed along the whole of that, horticulturally speaking, happy-go-lucky edge of the Mediterranean. To insure such a result the plants must be not alone planted, not alone even planted and watered; they must be watched, cared for, sheltered, coaxed, petted, helped on in every way; they must be treated, in short, as we treat, or ought to treat, them at home, with a proper motherly regard for the separate needs and separate perils of every separate individual.

It can be done, however, in Florence, whereas it cannot be done with us; and that is the whole gist of the present contention. From the little I have seen of its gardens, backed by a certain amount of experience where the conditions were not so dissimilar, I feel sure that it only needs a moderate expenditure of care, thought, and money—the last nowhere an unimportant garden requisite—to cause the surroundings of every Florentine villa to bloom and burgeon from mid-January till late spring.

Even with us there are far more plants than most people imagine which would flower, and moreover *wish* to flower, quite early in the year. Apart from snowdrops and crocuses, from aconites and Christmas roses; apart from hepaticas, early primroses, polyanthuses, wallflowers, arabis, and so on, there are no fewer than five species of Iris—*Alata*, *Stylosa*, *Reticulata*, *Histrio*, and *Histrioides*—ready to spring into masses of bloom then, and doing so, moreover, in sheltered corners when they get the chance. As for the bulbs, their name is legion, including all the early daffodils, as well as quite a host of very early blooming perennials, such as gentians, alyssums, ranunculus, geums, myosotis, dwarf phloxes, corydalis, aubrietias, daphnes,



etc.; enough, in short, to make a garden as gay as any one need wish to see it, only that with us the position is too strained. The effort cannot long be kept up. The delusive gleams of sunshine fade and vanish away. In spite of science, in spite of love, in spite of everything that can be tried, the North remains the North. Sooner or later the frost-fiend puts out his full strength, and then the battle is over.

And now, by way of proving how near the vision of perfection certain Florentine gardens already are, as well as by way of amends for so much impertinence, let me describe two gardens which, now that I am no longer under Tuscan skies, or likely speedily to be under them again, remain a floating legacy, "sheer lifted o'er the gulf" of a terribly fugitive memory.

Both are gardens upon that north-facing side which is said by the dwellers on the slopes of Fiesole to be at least three weeks later than their own. The precise difference must be left to the experts, but that it is later is certain, the common white iris, for instance, being well in flower along most of the roads below Fiesole before a single bud is clear of its green sheath in the Arcetri region.

Yet it was a garden upon this less flavored slope which, more than any other, realized for me that ideal toward which my mind since my arrival had been dimly groping. Facing it, you have before you three terraces. The first is paved to begin with, but merges into level grass, and ends in a narrow border, where pale pink and deep red *Pyrus japonica* are in flower. The second is attained by a steep flight of stone steps. Here a space is shut in on three sides by walls topped with vases at intervals, the spaces between the vases running to meet one another in a succession of stony scrolls. Further on is an archway, with a gate, and more steps leading into a grassy

vineyard. Two of these walls have been pierced with windowlike spaces, and below one of them runs a steep hill road, so that the creaking of wheels, the shrilling of voices, the whole stir and life of suburban Florence, come floating in upon us as we sit or saunter among the flower-beds.

These are enclosed in solid green frames of box, four large and two small ones, on each side of a central walk. Not an inch of bare earth is to be seen, though we are still only at St. Patrick's Day. For groundwork we have the friendly, indispensable myosotis, I suppose *dissitiflora*, out of which familiar blue cloud rises a host of other things: *Anemone fulgens*, in all its splendor; aquilegias, jonquills, primroses of a dozen different kinds; more anemones, blue, white, or red; dwarf magnollas; more *Pyrus japonica*, alias *cydonia*; daphnes of at least three species—a longer list, in fact, than I have breath to enumerate or you patience to follow; a tip-toeing crowd of Spring's courtiers, thronging the heels of their liege lady, sunning themselves in her smile, responsive to her slightest beck, and moderately secure here from those shrewd nips with which, like Elizabeth of illustrious memory, she is apt to honor those who press too vigorously forward in her service.

My second garden is distinctly inferior to this one from a horticultural point of view, but then the ground rises and falls delightfully; all sorts of enchanting things seem to be flowering there of their own accord, and, above and beyond everything else, that great stone and marble flower, Florence itself, rises resplendent, taking and keeping the eye from the first moment of entering it.

It was, perhaps, the staircase of that garden, rather than the garden itself, which so especially enchained me. It was a staircase in two divisions, each division consisting of some forty or



more steps, each step consisting of a solid slab of rock barely two hands' breadth across, but clamped, as solidly as a mussel or a limpet is clamped, to a great, cliff-like stone wall, which sank perpendicularly downward until, fifty feet below, it sank into an abyss of grass and feathery fennel.

It must have been a very old staircase, for time and neglect had laid layers of moss and lichen between every step and ledge; indeed the lintel of a doorway hard by bore the date of 1597. Above it cypresses towered like gigantic ninepins. On one side the wall was roofed by a tangle of ilex and olives, so closely welded together that no ray of sunlight can, in all the years it has existed, have laid more than a transitory finger there. On the other side clearer spaces broke at intervals, and through these spaces, between the trunks of the trees, floated all Florence, set in its circumference of violet hills, and barred by every accident of sun and shade.

To stand upon the steps of that staircase is, as it were, to hold the whole town in the hollow of one's hand; to be able to play with it, and to make a magic toy-box of it and its contents. Here, between two diverging or converging branches, you may see the Duomo in all its swelling symmetry, Giotto's campanile rising beside it as some ambitious pine or larch might tower beside a captive balloon. Shift your standpoint a little, and you will find that you have now before you some perfectly unhistoric line of brown-tiled roofs, below which multi-colored rags are hanging crookedly from innumerable dusky apertures. Yet again, another shift to another tree-trunk, and now there is nothing to

be seen but a few yards of tawny river, swollen to overflowing by recent rain, and sweeping down the Valdarno, to spread abroad into a long, narrow lake, between willow-like olives or olive-like willows, for at this distance it is not easy to say exactly which or what they are.

Even after the heaviest spring rains—and how heavy and how continuous these can be let every Florentine say!—that landscape never seemed to me to lose one jot of its limpidity. The great clouds would come rolling down from above, swooping upon the town, and blotting out tower, duomo, campanile, everything for the moment. Then up they would go, up, up, up, higher and higher still, filling the craggy valleys and Titanic dimples of Monte Morello, and rushing away to descend as snow upon the Carraras, leaving the magic town as chiselled, as clear as ever; leaving its towers and its belfries to play at bo-peep with the ilexes and the olives, with the cypresses and the agaves of our garden. It was as if man's workmanship at its very finest had set itself in a fit of deliberate competition against the hardly more delicate, hardly more solid workmanship of fretted leaf or column-like tree-trunk; of overhanging cloud, or blue-tinted hillside. It was a garden, in short, to make a poet out of the plainest man or woman alive; a garden to make a real poet grow dumb from sheer inability to find words with which to fit his own conceptions. A garden that was capable even of making an amateur gardener for the moment forget to think of gardening! A tribute so unprecedented that, having reached it, one may as well leave off.

*Emily Lawless.*

## THE ETCHINGHAM LETTERS.

## XXVII.

From Miss Elizabeth Etchingham, The Hotel, Glenfearn, N.B., to Sir Richard Etchingham, 83 Hans Place.

My Dear Tolcarne,—(One must do in Scotland as Scotland does.) Our letters crossed—

When letters cross  
A double loss.

I meant to write the very day I heard from you, my pen set in motion by the impetus of what I read, but impediments that Laura would speak of as "other claims" intervened, and then the semi-stupefaction that a very big dose of the open air produces laid the spirit of scribbling to rest; and here we are at Sunday and no letter has gone. I should certainly answer in the negative Renan's question, "*Peut-on travailler en province?*" In London, notwithstanding countless interruptions, I do as much in a day as here I do in a week.

Your Maeterlinck has converted me to Maeterlinck. I find it the missing link between Maeterlinck and life, and it has led me to a little discovery: Maeterlinck is not a symbolist but a satirist, and your satire satirizes not only Maeterlinck but life. Read Maeterlinck as a satirist, and see how finely he hits off the blunders, the blindness, the selfishness of human nature that pursues its own ends, and clings to its own aims through thick and thin, light and darkness, virtue and sin. I find, too, a likeness between Maeterlinck and the book of Job. Maeterlinck's characters play the part of Job's comforters one to another adroitly. "Your soul was never so beautiful as since I have broken your heart." "I am glad that my soul is so beautiful since you have

broken my heart." In irony and humor surely Maeterlinck touches high watermark? But if to read Maeterlinck as humorist and satirist contrasts too violently with your former attitude, read this *pseudo*-Maeterlinck as a satire on life not Maeterlinck, and see how well my theory works.

There is always a some one who announces "*Je ne digère pas bien*," when his wife or some one comes to grief. There is always a wiseacre, after the event, to declare "*Je disais bien quelque chose*" be the "*quelque chose*" what it may, from a teacup to a bank. There is always an infant, young in intellect, if not in years, who finds the first act of a tragedy "*bien drôle*," and wishes that the last act of a tragedy had been forbidden; and there is always another key to unlock the door that leads to destruction, if Fate, the author, has need of it. As to repetition, the old "Oxford Spectator," whose wit I only made acquaintance with lately, may say that "the repeated assertion of an insignificant fact tends to weaken and finally to destroy the mind;" but I don't know. Nature has vast recuperative power, and the repeated assertion of an insignificant and significant fact is going on all round, and has doubtless gone on since time began. Eve probably never, to the day of her death, fell into low spirals but that she asked Adam if the affair of the apple had not been very unfortunate, and Adam assuredly answered a thousand times, "Yes, Eve, it was very unfortunate."

By all means draw Alice Newton back into the world if you can. She probably feels more at ease and also less downhearted with comparative strangers than with people who have looked into the four corners of her ex-

istence. In certain frames of mind it is a relief to be with the folk who know nothing and care less about one's worries. Not that Alice would find this indifference in you, but still you are not knit into her past, and your rôle in regard to her is not that of memorandum. You must make haste and get her out of her fastness and out of herself before Colonel Newton returns. Once he is at home again, an intangible something will come down and separate her from realities. Is it wicked to wish that Colonel Newton might be removed to another sphere? Yet I am sorry for him, for I believe he has still, in his unpleasant way, far more affection for her than she ever had for him, and the one who cares least, when it comes to extremities, has really the best of it. And then the poor man gets no pity. His affections may be blighted, but as he grows more hectoring, as well as fatter and redder, day by day, he does not win a scrap of sympathy. So, though he is what Harry calls an ill-conditioned brute (he is hated in the service, Harry says), I think the ill-conditioned brute has had his bad moments, poor wretch.

Is Margaret to be painted? And if so, by whom? Everybody has been painted already, I am inclined to say, and so why not let well alone? Everybody has been painted that is, but the painting is not always, or often, in possession of the original, or the original's family. If it were so, your portrait by Titian would not be in the gallery at Florence, but in the cedar-room at Tolcarne. Margaret's counterfelt presentment hangs in the Louvre. After Leonardo, who need trouble to paint her? Mrs. Vivian's picture is labelled Mrs. Henslowe and accredited to Cornelius Jansen, and I used to wish for no better likeness of Alice Newton than Sir Joshua's Nelly O'Brien. But she has gone away from her former portrait and might sit for

her own ghost. Sant has set the full face of our worthy Laura upon canvas, as I have already said, and for her profile what do you think of the portrait of Simonetta Vespucci at Florence, of which the guide books rightly say, "*c'est une œuvre qui n'a pas un grand charme.*"

Monday.—"*Tha na neòil a' dol an truimead,*" which translated from the Gaelic into the vulgar tongue means the clouds are becoming heavier. Which translated from the vulgar tongue into Etchinghamese means that Laura has put on her bonnet. Which idiom is closely related to the phrase of the Mont Blanc guides, "*Il met son bonnet,*" when they see the little cloud on the mountain-top, the little cloud that foretells a storm.

Yes, Laura certainly has put on her metaphorical bonnet. She has had it out of the bandbox since the day of our arrival, and she clapped it on for good and all, I fear, yesterday during dinner, when the waiter from Aber-r-r-r-deen entangled the cruetstand in her hair, and a fellow-lodger of doubtless blameless character, but perhaps unpolished manners, whose conversational overtures she had sternly rebuffed, joined with the waiter in his efforts to free that ram—the cruet-stand—from that thicket—Laura's tresses—"Let me redd it for y're Ledyship. He's just ravelin't mair." Poor Laura, it was indeed a sight to see her while the hands of the waiter from Aber-r-r-r-deen and Mr. Dugald McTavish, from Dundee, met in her nut-brown locks. The waiter, in his philanthropic anxiety to relieve Laura of the undesirable cruet, held the sauce-boat at an angle at which, unless the laws of gravity had been altered to save a gown, the melted butter could do nothing but form a cascade down Mrs. Le Marchant's neat silken back. "Damsht ye! Doe ye think a get butter for naething?" was Mr. McPhail's *sotto-voce* ejaculation

from where he stood by the sideboard; and no one was pleased but two rude bicycling boys, whose laughter was loud and long.

I wish you would write upon a post-card, "I trust Glenfearn is not too bracing for Laura," and I would let it lie about in noticeable places. Without some such wile the unfortunate Camelry and myself will soon be in the thick of the transport business again, for Laura's present grievance is that this air is enervating.

Why is it my lot in life to be for ever thrown with persons whose need of bracing is insatiable? I, to whom no summer heat but that of a city proves enervating, no climate relaxing, find the thread of existence inextricably tangled with that of folk to whom, did one take them at their word, the proximity of icebergs is comforting, and who fail to distinguish between the summer temperature of the Highlands and that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. In Laura we have a perfect specimen of the ever-enervated type. She is parched when the sun shines. The sense of suffocation is hers continually. Her fate is it to feel "oppressed by the terrible heat," "overpowered by the sultriness," "unnerved by the airlessness," "unable to creep even as far as the post-office." She broils, she is in a vapor-bath, she burns, she pants, she likens Glenfearn to a furnace, she finds the weather stifling, "so airless that a thunderstorm must be imminent," "absolutely torrid," "perfectly tropical"—in fact, Cynthia and I pass a considerable portion of our time wondering why calcined or liquefied remains are not all that is left to the world of her. It really is amazing, when you come to think of it, that unsinged and unscalded she passed through the kilns and caldrons that await the unwary between King's Cross and Princes Street.

The climate of the West Highlands cannot, I allow, be characterized as

bracing, but it is balmy, which I think better, and I feel disposed to beg the people with whom we come in contact not to speak in Laura's hearing disparagingly of the place from the atmospheric standpoint. "Tell her that she will be braced, if only she will have patience," is your sister's latest form of prayer, and most amiably it has been acceded to. Mr. Dugald McTavish, when a new-comer at the hotel, however, gave me a scare. Overhearing from the other side of the dinner-table Laura complain of enervation, he exclaimed emphatically, "Braemar's the place for ye, Mum, if ye want to be set up." I seized the first occasion that offered to hint that the family generally did not want to be "set up;" that "setting up" would kill Cynthia and me probably, and later he very cannily informed Laura that "there's sic a throng o' folk at Braemar that ye led-dyship micht na get bed or meat." Picture Laura to yourself "na getting bed or meat." I have heard no more of a move to Braemar.

(On one point I have quite made up my mind. Before I travel with you I will have it in writing that your idea of a "thorough change" is not a sojourn in a refrigerator, and that in your vocabulary bracing air is not synonymous with the air of Paradise.)

To our landlord's delight, the inn garden, "a fine place for sitting in the Sabbath," still remains Laura's and Mrs. Le Marchant's favorite retreat. Their extreme civility to one another is a matter of astonishment to me. They yesterday talked for an hour of "The Christian" and "Helbeck of Bannisdale," and so excessive was their politeness, and so guarded the expression of their opinions, that to the end it was never brought home to them that they were not discussing the self-same book.

Cynthia is melancholy, truly, but it is the pretty "white melancholy" from which she suffers, not the ugly black

kind. It turns her to the reading of Shakespeare, and to sitting upon the floor with her head against my knee when she ought to be going to bed. She recognized, even sooner than I did, the handwriting of a letter, from Harry to me, that we found laid upon the "parlor" table when we came in from a long drive this afternoon.

So far Laura seems unable to get Sir Augustus out of her head. She tells me now that Mrs. Le Marchant, who she finds knows him, says his mother was of "very good family," and that, on the distaff side of the house, he has Plantagenet and Stuart blood in his veins. Cynthia has learnt this from her, also, apparently. Remember that we did not solve the problem of the family's future, though we did talk for about six hours daily while you were in Hans Place. Laura looks mysterious and Cynthia tearful when I speak of their setting up house together. I can't make out what Laura wants, or with whom she would ordain to live. Things may settle themselves, she says. To her, huffs and misunderstandings are not as intolerable as they are to me. I think if, for any reason best known to themselves, people can't live in peace and amity together, they had best live apart, but this opinion is by no means universally held. Yet in various ways Laura is not unamiable. If she married my father for the place—the "situation"—she nursed him with the greatest possible assiduity, and she is really good-natured, quite lavish, in fact, to Cynthia in the matters of frocks and fairings. Cynthia's drawing-room attire was ordered with a magnificent disregard of the bill, and did I develop consumption or *crétinisme* she would do her duty to the bitter end. But while I am neither bodily nor mentally afflicted to any unusual extent, we shall never hit it off. We don't agree about one of the trivialities that go to make existence. In the matter of domestic

economy, for instance, she fears big economies, and small economies fret me. To be carriageless I find a bearable privation, but to hear the cook's aptitude for consuming lard incessantly lamented, is to me a bore. Laura could not metaphorically hold faster to the brougham were she a limpet and the carriage a rock, and she enjoys the lard lamenting—"the waking of the lard," as Harry, who once overheard her wails, termed the proceeding. Then our tastes are every bit as incalculable to her as are hers to us. I told you, did not I, that without *malice prepense*, with the air rather of a person conferring a favor, she suggested not long ago that we should have a permanent "Day," and deface our paste-board with "At home, Tuesdays, 3-7;" and I had accused myself of an indecent display of dislike for what Harry calls the violation of territory and bore raids to which we are subjected. (We have no "close time," he says.) Laura, with benignant smile proposing the abhorred "Day" as a peace-offering, reminds me for incongruity of the London young lady of eighteenth-century fame, who collected all the chicken bones upon her plate as a delicacy for her brother's horse.

I wish you could see the Glenfearn wild-flower and fern show. Great splendid foxgloves rise up from dim green shelters, and Pan does some of his most attractive meadow-gardening with pansies—

The little western flower.  
Before milk-white, now purple with  
love's wounds,  
And maidens call it love-in-idleness

should be the little northern flower.  
In free blossoming and in intensity of  
color the pansies of these northern  
meadows beat their cousins of the west  
hollow.

Tomorrow's Scotsman will give

Charles' fate, I suppose. "My ladies want the Scotchman," is the form in which Blake persists in asking for the paper. "Is the war any better?" she inquired, when I was last reading the war news. Good Heavens! *What* a din! Really Mr. McPhail should be broken of beating his dinner gong with a violence that might be deemed excessive had he resolved to awaken the dead. But to him it is a "grand sound." "If it's owre muckle for ye, put tow in yer lugs," he said to a nervous old gentleman suffering from insomnia, who expostulated the other day. Lugs—ears.

Lover of strange tongues, shall I sign myself in the Gaelic?

Ealasaid.

#### XXVIII.

From Sir Richard Etchingham, Hans Place, to Miss Elizabeth Etchingham, Glenfearn, N.B.

My Dear Elizabeth (or whatever you make of it in the Gaelic),—Verily it must have been a spectacle worthy of kings and poets to see that Aberdonian waiter realizing the Persian figure of speech for supreme ecstasy, "one hand on the cup"—read *cruet*—"and one hand in the locks of the Beloved." The genuineness of the back hair is, I believe, undisputed.

Charles is handsomely beaten, as you will have seen by this time. If indeed you take any note of Southron by-elections. But he will not be inconsolable. He is the hero of paragraphs in the Opposition papers, which prove to the satisfaction of the writer, and I suppose his, that it was a moral victory; he has fought the election in a highly creditable and orthodox manner, if not with much wisdom of the serpent; in short, he has done everything a still rising political lawyer ought to do to establish a claim on the party, without going to such extremes as to be in any one else's black books.

Minnie goes about saying that the South of England is hopelessly stupid, and wants him to begin cultivating a northern constituency this very Long Vacation; which might be a judicious proceeding if he could go without her. I think he will leave it alone for the present.

The old Canadian boat-song is pleasing. I suppose the French colonists carried with them the tradition of the simple popular ballads which Molière immortalized by one specimen in "Le Misanthrope;"

Si le roi m'avoit donné  
Paris, sa grand'ville,  
Et qu'il me fallût quitter  
L'amour de ma mie:  
Je dirois au Roi Henri,  
Reprenez votre Paris:  
J'aime mieux ma mie, oh gay!  
J'aime mieux ma mie.

A simple thing enough, as Alceste says after his first recital of it:

La rime n'est pas riche, et le style en est vieux.

But what an exquisite turn of Molière's art to make him repeat it once more, and what a treat it was, in the days now past, to hear the double delivery of those lines by Bressant, rising at the end to a solemn triumphal dignity, the everlasting protest of a gentleman of the old school against ephemeral frivolity! Perhaps it was a little too impressive for dramatic probability. Bressant's Alceste would have swept the pedants and fribbles out of the room. Delaunay made more, I think, of the real humanity of Alceste; he was the man who would be sympathetic if any of those about him would show something deserving of his sympathy. Bressant was incomparable in the majesty of high comedy, unbending to generous humor or touched with tragedy as the action demands. One of the most tragic things I ever heard was his de-



livery of the last words in "Les Caprices de Marianne:" "*Je ne vous aime pas, Marianne, c'était Cælio qui vous aimait.*"

If there be poetic justice for good artists in Elysium, Bressant should be expounding the glories of French comedy—or rather *la Comédie Française*—to Charles Lamb, who had no chance of knowing them in this world, and Shakespeare and Musset should be in the front row. The Musset of "*Comédies et Proverbes*" I mean; never mind the vexed question where his poetry ought to rank. Why don't I see Victor Hugo in that front row? Because I doubt whether the same row would hold him and Shakespeare. The old man was so cock-sure that he knew all about Shakespeare; and then he would want Shakespeare's views on the universe and the wickedness of kings, and I don't think William would relish that sort of conversation between the acts.

M. Delaunay lives in honored retirement, and, I believe, still imparts the traditions of the good school of acting to the younger generation. We old folk shall never believe the new-comers can be as good, for all that even a Delaunay can teach them: but we may be wrong, and anyhow we don't mean to despair of France while the *Théâtre Français* flourishes, or while the *Collège de France* can show scholars like James Darmesteter—the man who came out to India and got to know the Afghans as no Englishman knew them. I wrote to you about him when I met him on the frontier. Let us see what Shipley says, having studied for his own purposes in Paris (he has just called to settle the dining-out arrangements for the *Ring* week). "French degeneration?" answers he, as nearly snorting as an amiable man can. "I know nothing about French politics, but I shall begin to talk about France being degenerate when we have learnt at the Record Office half the things they can

teach us at the *Ecole des Chartes*." Don't ask me, my dear Elizabeth, what the *Ecole des Chartes* is. First, because I do not clearly know, and next because you had better wait till you can ask Shipley, who has been there. Something at the back of my head tells me that we may possibly come to see a good deal more of him. It would be with my good-will. Not a word to anyone if you take my meaning, for it is only a dim surmise. I like the man much, especially when I can get him disengaged from our mixed visitors.

Mixed they are just now more than usual, being all full of grievances or projects of their own, and each with only half an ear for anything else. Minnie bemoans, as aforesaid, the darkness of the Clayshott division, while Leagrave congratulates himself—meaning a little to include the world, though he does not say so—upon that long-promised monograph on Drake being off his hands. Now he wants to turn to something literary, a lesser light of the seventeenth century for choice. It is rather embarrassing for Margaret to have to find an opinion whether Cowley or Henry More would be more suitable. It is useless in such a case to tell our excellent Stephen that you have read very little of the one author and not a word of the other. He only goes on as if he did not believe you. Harry, who is our usual resource on these occasions—having a military and official faculty of looking respectfully intelligent whenever required—is himself engrossed in endeavoring to get sent to Egypt. He says he is afraid of becoming a mere pen-and-ink soldier if he does not go back to seeing the stuff his work is made of; anyhow, he is pressing for something that will take him to the front, and, as his superiors are well pleased with him, I should think he is likely to get it. A fresh parting just when we are all (comparatively) together would be some disap-

pointment—but we have always held in this family that we owe ourselves to the Queen and the country, and if the best work Harry can do for the Queen and country is up the Nile, we must not say a word that could make his going less cheerful.

Your pet minor English poets seem to be either at Tolcarne or (as I suspect) carried off by you to the parts of the North; I have not found them here. So I have nothing to say of them just now. The other day I spoke of Leconte de Lisle's handling of proper names; one of his best performances that way is in "*La Paix des Dieux*," which still sleeps, I believe, in a *Revue des Deux Mondes* ten years old. The spirit of man calls up before him all the gods he has ever worshipped:

Et l'Hôte intérieur qui parlait de la  
sorte  
Au gouffre ouvert des âmes et des  
temps révolus  
Evoqua lentement, dans leur majesté  
morte,  
Les apparitions des Dieux qui ne sont  
plus.

With submission to the judgment of native-born French ears, I know nothing in modern poetry to surpass the solemn cadence of these last two lines—but I was coming to the procession of the gods. There is something Miltonic in the sequence of strange imposing names, with just enough adjective and explanation to color them. Leconte de Lisle, being a pagan and a Hellenist, had no love for Semitic deities, and cannot be said to have treated them civilly; this is how he marches them on:

Et tous les Baalim des nations fa-  
rouches:  
Le Molok, du sang frais de l'enfance  
abreuvé,  
Halgâh, Gad, et Phégor, et le Seigneur  
des mouches.  
Et sur les Khéroublim le sinistre Iahvé.

He goes right back over the brilliant philosophy of the half-Greek Alexandrians and the expansive moral reform of the Prophets, to the savage old thunder-god who came down from Sinai to war with Chemosh and Baal and overthrow Dagon, as they tell of him in the rugged fragments embedded in Judges and Genesis, so old that the pious post-exilic editors dared not smooth off their asperities; the Lord who captained his own battles, and would now chastise his unruly children, now argue with them and jest with them, like a modern frontier leader managing Afridis in about the same stage of tribal education. Modern respectability has forgotten him, and made unto itself a comfortable benevolent monarch, a sort of chairman of bank directors, author of the Economy of Nature and other valuable works—a *Iahvé-Pignouf* one might call him in Flaubertian language. What would the tellers of those wild stories of palace treasons and feud and murder in the Books of Kings have thought of a peaceful rustic congregation sitting in an English church to hear them droned out as First Lessons, and taking them in a hypnotized fashion as something which must somehow be edifying to modern readers, since it is in the Bible? But the Hebrews have not forgotten the old Lord of Hosts, except maybe some who have become too prosperous. Heine had not, when he put those lines into the mouth of an unsavory Spanish rabbi combating a no less unsavory monk:

Unser Gott ist nicht die Liebe,  
Schnäbeln ist nicht seine Sache,  
Denn er ist ein Donnergott  
Und er ist ein Gott der Rache.

Unser Gott, der ist lebendig  
Und in seiner Himmelschalle  
Existirt er drauf los  
Durch die Ewigkeiten alle.

Talk of German being an unmanageable language! What writer in what

language has bettered the feat of achieving a grand poetical effort with a dry abstract word like *existiren*? But we are insular in prose only less than in poetry, and in poetry only less than in theology. And in the fine arts?—no, that is where our chance of salvation seems to come in. But I begin to ramble unconsciously: the letting out of waters in the season of freedom long deferred. Old Indians ramble about Service shop, my young friends brutally tell me, when other topics fail them; and probably I talk nonsense. Leagrave would stick all this full of his critical pins in five minutes. Therefore I write not to Leagrave, but to a sister full of wisdom and toleration.

Talking of pictures, Margaret will be

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painted—when we are rich and you will catch me the ideal painter. What is that about a Leonardo in the Louvre? She does not set up to be like Mona Lisa, and I forget the looks of the other Leonardos there, if Leonardo's handiwork they be: there are not too many real ones in the world.

Your loving brother,

Tolcarne.

XXVIIIa.

(Postcard.)

Glad to hear you are well settled in the North, but don't presume on the climate. Neither you nor L. find it too bracing, I hope. Is it not liable to sudden changes? All well here. R. E.

(To be continued.)

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## A PORTUGUESE BULL-FIGHT.

I was told beforehand, by a Spaniard, that the Portuguese bull-fights are absolutely without danger, and that the very weakest head might go to the spectacle fully assured that it would not be disgraced by the feeling of faintness apt to arise at the sight of bloodshed. "They are," he added, "ridiculous performances, worthy of the nation that patronizes them."

Personally I did not feel so confident. Of course international prejudice was at the bottom of his amiable criticism, though one might agree that the famous Spanish *toreadors*, who periodically visit Lisbon (at considerable cost to Portugal) and show the people how they would kill the bull if they were allowed to do so, feel extreme contempt for a nation that claps its hands and bellows with delight at mere pantomime. Moreover, on this particular morning I had attended the funeral of

a famous Portuguese *bandarilheiro* in Lisbon's eastern cemetery. Minuto, the *bandarilheiro* in question, had, only the previous Sunday, at Covilha, slipped in the ring while plying his darts, been knocked down and trodden on by the bull, and carried off, amid profound emotion, with two or three ribs broken. It was an interesting funeral, attended by a crowd of crop-headed bull-fighters and the public, and the speeches by the side of the coffin (of black velvet and gold brocade) were decidedly affecting. "We follow to the grave," said one of the dead man's colleagues, crying like a child, "a wise bull-fighter, a worthy friend, an admirable husband, an excellent sportsman, and a man in everything." The crush, however, was abominable, and the heat was terrible under the cloudless May sky; no wonder a cousin of the deceased fell groaning into a swoon

while we halted outside the vault for these orations.

Afterwards it was with the greatest difficulty that they carried the coffin through the crowd into the mortuary apartment of another bull-fighter, who had begged the honor of having Minuto's corpse among his own family circle. I never saw so snug and homely a burial vault as this. The coffins lay in niches, completely hidden by broad gay-colored silk ribbons and garlands of fresh flowers. Between them were little tables and chairs, the former crowded with nick-nacks, photographs in frames, small vases, and other ornamental trifles. It was far more like a lady's boudoir than a grave, and not without very shrewd steering could they slide poor Minuto's body into the midst of the furniture. This achieved, every one hastily paid deference to the hot sun with his hat, and the scores of carriages with long-tailed horses rattled off by the scorching suburban road (its walls dotted with eager lizards) between the aloes and red geraniums, back to Lisbon, that the visitors might dress for the afternoon's function in the Campo Santa Anna, when perchance, though ever so unlikely, yet another bull-fighter might bite the dust, to the horror of all concerned. For my part, I strolled through the cemetery first of all. It is a pretty tract of high ground, well garnished with flowers and having a delightful prospect of the blue Tagus and, beyond, the dense, dark pine-forest stretching for twenty miles, unbroken, between the river's southern bank and Setubal. But I was not enlivened by the quantity of bones, dress-material, shoe-heels (both high and low) and other fragments cast up by the copper-colored grave-diggers in the pursuit of their labors, trenching for the unimportant and nameless dead.

The *corrida* was timed for half-past four, by which hour the worst of the

heat would be over. Nevertheless it was judicious, at least, to secure a seat in the shade. Others were hastening to do the same, though I listened on a stone bench in the Rocio to a plausible philosopher who was telling his neighbors how often he had paid his extra two hundred and fifty *reis* only to find that the sun was gone, as if to spite him. Portugal's people are much embarrassed by the national poverty, but they do not stint themselves in the matter of bull-fights. And to see how worshipfully they stared at and followed about the streets the bull-fighters themselves, in their heavy gold-embroidered jackets and tight-fitting yellow leather breeches! These gentlemen, as in Spain, were quite conscious of their greatness, and of the fact that they had only to mention the word *refreshment* or *cigar* to be surrounded with impetuous offers of hospitality. Fine massive fellows, they seemed, almost warranted to resist even an unpadded bull's horn, and accepting with kindly stoicism the rather absurd adulation of the public.

Tram-cars, carriages, and omnibuses (of a sort) all plied a fine trade on this Sunday afternoon, as they climbed through the uneven streets and dust into Lisbon's northern suburb, where, just outside the city's gate, the huge red-brick theatre with the blue and gold Moorish towers lifts its assuming shape in the midst of a goodly area of turf. The scenes outside the bull-ring were radiant with color and freshness. Under the fine old elm trees on one side of the square groups of peasants were feasting until it was time to make for the cheap seats; dancing and music helped appetite and digestion, while conjurers and mountebanks also tried to beguile half-farthings from the pockets of the revellers. But past them (all indifferent to their publicity) the flow of Lisbon's nobility, in stately vehicles, and of the mixed

multitude, including cyclists, was constant.

Before starting for the Campo I had been privileged to get hold of an ancient play-bill of this Lisbon bull-ring, composed as follows:

In the superbly constructed and elegantly finished circus of the famous and well-known Campo de Sta Anna, a terrible, fearfully exciting, and delectable conflict will, without fail, take place of at least thirteen most savage and stupendous bulls, to which, with the highest consideration, the honorable inhabitants of this celebrated Capital are invited.

We in England should laugh at such breathless rhodomontade in print; it might suit the green of a drowsy village, but it would be an insult to the intelligence of any market-town. Lisbon, however, claims such language as its due. If it did nothing else, this ponderous advertisement prepared me for a lively afternoon on this May-day of 1897.

Fully ten thousand persons were in the circus when I took my seat on the stone step that was my portion. Old stagers carried little cushions with them, but the stone was at least cool. The King's brother (surprisingly decorated with medals) and an aide-de-camp were in the royal box, the Prince very busy with his opera-glass among the ladies, who were well worth his attention, in spite of the powder with which they chose to embellish, or preserve, their complexions. It was still hot, though the sun was veiled. Fans were much used, and oranges were in loud demand, though the Lisbon people are not so deft at throwing and catching the fruit as those of Madrid.

Thus early, however, I was warned not to expect too much spirit in the sport. My neighbor to the left,—a portly gentleman in yellow kid gloves, comfortably installed on a red velvet cushion—began to talk as soon as I took my

seat alongside him. He seemed a devotee of the past, in disregard of the present. Neither bulls nor men, he avowed, were what they used to be. If I rightly understood him, much of this lamentable falling away was due to the existing government and the sad condition of the exchanges.

Yet, in spite of this courteous pessimist, the beginning of the function, ushered in with trumpet-blasts, was quite charming. The entire company of performers paraded, with bows of especial homage to the royal box, *cavalleiros*, *picadores*, *bandarilheiros*, and those quaint peasants called *forcados*, whose duties, though collateral, are assuredly the most perilous of all. The first and last delighted me with their costumes. The three horsemen, in crimson and blue velvet, with gold lace, cocked hats, and other gay details of the dress of a couple of hundred years ago, made a splendid show, and their thoroughbred horses were as polished and stately in movement as themselves. The *forcados*, in short yellow and black jackets, mob-caps, and knee-breeches, and with the long forked poles which give them their name, won regard for their picturesqueness and their sturdy shoulders. Also in the procession were the four or five woebegone old horses destined to offer their hapless ribs to the bull's horns. These poor quadrupeds seemed very conscious of their unfitness to take part in so sparkling a demonstration, behaving as if they already scented their headlong and undesired enemy.

The band played while the performers paraded and the populace cheered. The sun just peeped into the eastern side of the circus and withdrew for the day. Then the arena was cleared, and the three courtly *cavalleiros* went through some admirable feats of horsemanship, till one did not know whether more to praise the men or the steeds. After this graceful prelude, two of



them vanished, and the third prepared for business. A bull was let loose upon him; the real sport of the day had begun.

Even a Briton could relish what followed. The courage, calmness, and agility of the horse contrasted so well with the blind fury and bulk of the bull. Master Toro chased horseman and rider in his well-known straightforward manner, now and then lowering his head for a compliment, the pleasure of delivering which was always denied him. He never could quite catch his quarry, and by and by the latter turned on him and, after some excellent and delicate maneuvering decorated him with a brace of the long-barbed darts called *farpas*, one on each shoulder. One does not see this sort of thing in Spain, where the horse is brought into the arena only to be butchered. The agility of the *cavalleiro* and his mount in dodging the vengeful plunge of the bull after this sharp taunt aroused great enthusiasm.

Each of the twelve bulls on the list was thus at the outset taken in hand by one of the three *cavalleiros*. The cream of their vigor and impetuosity was in this way well skimmed from them, and their spirits were considerably broken by the series of disappointments in fruitlessly chasing the fleet thoroughbreds.

But with the disappearance of the *cavalleiro* the second stage in the bull-baiting began. In came the *picadores* on their stiff, worn-out hacks, each with a bandaged eye. Though one knew that the bull could not gore anything with a knob the size of a cricket-ball on its horns, it was not pleasant even to anticipate the knocking about these unhappy steeds seemed bound to suffer. A jaded bull is still a bull, and the sting of the darts dragging in the beast's shoulders was a strong incentive to action. In fact some of the charges levelled at the horses were

forcible enough almost to kill. These and their riders were tumbled in the sand; but whereas the latter invariably scrambled out of danger, the unhappy horses were rammed again and again with the padded horns, as they lay kicking and vainly endeavoring to get upon their ill-conditioned legs. It is said that the Portuguese are not by nature so cruel as the Spaniards, and one can believe this; nevertheless, it seemed both childish and heartless that such scenes should be applauded so rapturously.

After the *picadores* entered the *espada*, announced by a particularly sonorous flourish of trumpets. This personage was a famous Spaniard of Seville, used to facing bulls with bare horns. His duties here at the Campo Santa Anna did not seem dignified. Indeed, the *espada* has for the last hundred years been merely a puppet on Portuguese arenas, since Donna Maria the First decreed that bulls should not die to make a Portuguese holiday. One knew full well, as the stately bull-fighter bowed to the spectators, with the merest corner of his eye on the wearied bull, that there was a guard on his sword to prevent more than an inch or two of cold steel penetrating Toro's hide. Also, it was at least conjecturable that the Spaniard engaged for this part of the program in his heart despised such puerile exercise as pricking a padded bull. He had small difficulty in doing his duty, and when prodded the bull was done with. A troop of docile, belled cows were let into the arena, and the blood-stained, irritated, and, more often than not, exhausted gentleman joined the ladies and trotted off, bellowing his thanks with an eagerness that did not seem brave, but was yet, in the circumstances, very excusable.

These are the conventional features of the Portuguese bull-fight. I was fated, however, to see an incident of an

unusual kind, which did not gratify. The stoutest of the three *caralleiros*, in leading one of the bulls a dance round the ring, took matters too coolly. Even when the mob's voice told him of the menace in his rear, he declined to bestir himself adequately. And so, with a rush, the bull caught him, got broadside on and tossed both himself and his noble steed, amid the screams of the ladies. His own injury was a mere nothing, for he managed to fall comfortably into the arms of the men outside the barrier, but his horse was a sad spectacle. The poor beast stumbled up on three legs, with a pitiful neigh, dangling its fourth leg, which was plainly broken in two places. Everyone appeared dismayed. "There goes sixty pounds sterling to the knacker's!" said my critical neighbor, as he waved a shapely jewelled hand prettily in the air.

Two of the bulls were such spiritless fellows that the *forcados* were called into play against them; and this also was an interesting variant on the Spanish program. The *forcados* made for the bull empty-handed, protected, as it seemed, by their numbers. Then one of them folded his arms and, standing about two yards in front of Toro's as-

tonished muzzle, called him a variety of unflattering names. This was more than the bull would endure, and he promptly tossed the man, afterwards planting his forefoot upon the *forcado's* chest with great force. I looked to see a dead man carried out when the others had drawn off the quadruped, but happily saw no such thing. The man rose with a bloody face, and the next minute he was the most earnest of all in hanging on to the bull's tail, when his comrades had completely captured the brute, which allowed them to drag it hither and thither, kick it and punch it and vilify it just as they pleased.

Another bull suffered even worse indignities. One of the *forcados* leaped on its back and had a wild ride round the arena. He was lucky to get off scot-free, when Toro did at length dislodge him and attempt to avenge himself for the humiliation.

When all was over, I returned to the city satisfied. A Portuguese bull-fight may not be the ideal of civilized entertainment, but neither is it a revolting spectacle. Indeed, even with due regard for the possibility of accidents, it is a show to which one might, with only faint scruples, take a lady.

Charles Eduardes.

Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE GOLD OF VINCOSTA.

### I.

#### THE TREASURER.

One day, not many years since, the Treasurer of Vincosta, who was also Prime Minister of that inconsiderable South American Republic, called the members of his Government into his presence, and thus addressed them:—

"Gentlemen, my mind, continually

bent upon furthering the well-being of our noble Republic, has conceived and given substance to a financial scheme of far-reaching consequences, both to our country and to ourselves."

There was a languid sensation, and the Cabinet, already convinced of Senhor Alesano's financial genius—he was a Portuguese Jew—prepared to listen:

"As you are unhappily aware, the recent serious fall in the price of silver

has laid upon our beloved country a burden under which she groans quarterly. Our standard coin, the silver peso, which formerly was worth three-and-ninepence in English money, was reckoned last year at only one-and-ten; this year I foresee a fall to one-and-nine, and it will not be long, in my judgment, before our once imperial coin must be considered the equivalent of a beggarly eighteenpence. It is true, gentlemen, that by wise and timely legislative enactments we have prevented the traders within the limits of Vincosta from charging as much for their goods as the exchange value of the peso would seem to warrant; but our control ceases with the boundaries of the Republic. When we pay the interest upon our national debt, upon the capital embarked in our railways, our mines, and our manufactures, when, I say, we meet the obligations of our own personal loans, the peso has only the value which foreigners set upon it. All the capital in Vincosta has come from Europe, and belongs to Europe. Moreover, when you or I, gentlemen, impelled by an overmastering anxiety to acquire the fullest experience in the art of government, reluctantly leave our homes to dwell awhile in foreign cities—whether we go to London, Paris, Vienna, or to our Mother Lisbon—we find the savings of self-denial and patriotic sentiment reduced automatically by more than half."

He had paused, amid murmurs of "shame."

"You are rightly indignant," said Senator Alesano; "but anger, though it may be a spur to effort, is no avail by itself. I myself raged in secret until the flesh fell from my bones, and seemed to effect nothing. Yet the emotion of the heart stimulated the energies of the brain. I, gentlemen, did not stop at anger. I thought over all the means by which a poor country becomes rich; I turned my eyes to the wealthy Eng-

land, and forced myself, at the inevitable pecuniary loss, to make a tempestuous voyage to that London where gold can do everything except improve the abominable climate. And at last, at last, I found a remedy."

By this time the excitement in the Council Chamber had become tremendous. The Treasurer looked around upon the eager faces and smiled grandly.

"I found a remedy, and I have called you together so that you may learn what it is. I will not play with your suspense. What we need in Vincosta is a gold standard. You do not grasp the immense, the splendid significance of this idea? Let me explain. We will suppose for a moment that a gold standard has been established—upon the method by which this can be done I will presently dwell. The standard coin of the Republic would then be gold instead of silver, and the value of our peso would no longer be determined by the price of the silver composing it. It would be in a position similar to that of an English florin or half-crown, both silver coins, which bear a certain fixed proportion of the value of an English gold sovereign. The metal contained in an English half-crown is not worth more than one-and-twopence, yet every one accepts the coin as being worth two-and-six because it is the eighth part of a sovereign. The half-crown is a 'token' coin, and its value would be just the same if it were made of tin. Picture to yourselves the happiness we should enjoy in Vincosta if our peso became a 'token' coin and were valued, not at a trumpery one-and-ten, but at three-and-nine, the old glorious three-and-nine! Consider the reductions it might be possible to make in the taxes, and imagine yourselves in possession of salaries doubled at one legislative stroke."

Cries indicative of unbounded admiration rang through the room.

"Let us," went on Alesano, "not be influenced by the personal aspects of this great national question. Some of you may suppose that all we have to do is to declare the peso a certain proportion of an imaginary gold coin. Unfortunately this simple declaration, though doubtless effective so far as regarded our Vincostan fellow citizens, would carry no weight whatever in Europe. We pay our debts in Europe, and it is Europe which we must convince of the genuine character of our future currency. A gold standard, to be effective, must be based upon a reserve of hard golden cash."

Black depression instantly fell upon the Vincostan Cabinet. Growls of dissatisfaction began to be heard, and the name of Alesano was coupled by some to epithets signifying grave disrespect. "There is not enough gold in Vincosta," growled the Minister of the Interior, "to make a pair of handcuffs." As presumably he knew the Interior, and being Chief of the Police was familiar with handcuffs, his authority was painfully strong. "Have you included Alesano's rings?" scornfully asked the young Secretary of the Council, pointing to those massive examples of the jeweller's art. "Base the standard on them."

Senhor Alesano astutely kept silent until his colleagues had become saturated with discontent. Then he delivered an attack with irresistible force.

"Fools," cried he harshly, "who are you to criticise the schemes of your Prime Minister and of the Treasurer of Vincosta? You, who would grovel the more the more you declined towards your native squalor! I offer you a gold standard, I, the one man in Vincosta who has the wit to conceive the idea and the energy to make it profitable, and you call me Jewish pig. Were not the negotiations even now completed I would withdraw—"

He was interrupted by shouts of "Ne-

gotiations completed!" "Why didn't you say so before?" "Pardon, noble Alesano."

"Yes, completed," resumed the Treasurer calmly; "while you slept I worked, and now you enter into the fruits of my labors. Listen. The plan was in my mind when I journeyed to London, and on arrival I consulted the great financiers of that great city. You are aware that the credit of Vincosta is at present indifferent. We borrowed the last possible peso a year ago, at the time when we mortgaged the Houses of Parliament. Had I tried to negotiate an ordinary currency loan, no one of wealth would have listened, but the words 'gold standard' opened all doors and loosened all banking accounts. Those who had already lent us money burned to lend us more in so sacred a cause. I offered to exchange all our existing depreciated currency paper for Gold Bonds, and the Lord Mayor invited me to a banquet. It was decided by the opulent house of R—that three millions in 5 per cent. Vincostan Gold Bonds, inscribed at the Bank of England (the Treasurer rolled the sweet words on his tongue), would form a sound basis for our future gold standard, and the millions were guaranteed to me at once."

"Three million pesos," shouted the Cabinet in admiration.

"Pesos!" contemptuously returned Alesano. "Three millions sterling in yellow English sovereigns."

"As soon as the necessary Acts have been passed by Parliament," he went on, after the unconscious Minister of the Interior had been adroitly bled by the Secretary of War, "three millions in English gold will be shipped to us, and deposited in the vaults of the 'National Bank of Vincosta.' We shall not only restore to our peso its value of 3s. 9d.—that is 16 pesos to 3l. English—but we shall issue Bank of Vincostan notes to the amount of at least thirty

million pesos, payable in gold at sight. These will circulate freely within our dominions, and the issue will give us the control of thirty million pesos—for the purposes—of—State."

The Prime Minister looked gravely at his Cabinet, and the faces around him all broke into a grin of unfathomable meaning. Then a great wave of cheering dashed against the walls of the Council Chamber.

## II.

### THE RESERVE OF GOLD.

The magnificent proposal of Senhor Alesano was carried without delay into effect, and for a while the Republic of Vincosta, in the persons of its public servants, displayed signs of unexampled prosperity. Secretaries of State became millionaires (in pesos), heads of departments built handsome villas on the shores of the Pacific, and even plain civil servants lived in circumstances of comfort which were the envy of foreign officials. But all through the happy time, which extended for nearly two years, the day of doom was approaching. No one but the shrewd Treasurer foresaw the end, and no one but he appreciated the slow steps of its advance. He was, by virtue of his office, president of the National Bank, and day by day he watched the splendid stock of borrowed gold grow less.

When a man who dwells in Vincosta wishes to send money to his creditor in England, he must either procure gold to the amount of the debt and despatch that, or he must settle a corresponding debt which his creditor, or some other resident in England, owes in Vincosta. In other words, he must purchase a bill payable by England to Vincosta. The debtor selects the method which at the moment happens to be the cheaper. Gold costs something for freight and insurance, and bills also

cost something—often a good deal—because they are convenient.

If England had been called upon during these notable two years to pay as much to Vincosta as Vincosta had to pay to England, little gold would have passed, and Alesano's reserve would have remained practically untouched. But this, alas! was not the case. All the capital in Vincosta belonged to England, the farms, the houses, the shops, even the horses and carts in her chief city, Santa Maria, were mortgaged to England; the interest on all her countless debts, public and private, cried out for settlement, and the National Bank had to pay. There were not enough bills payable from England to Vincosta to go round. Everybody wanted them, and only a few of the buyers could be satisfied. Not being able to get bills, what did Vincostan debtors do? They took bank-notes to the National Bank, exchanged them for English sovereigns out of the Treasurer's stock, and remorselessly sent the proceeds back to England.

Senhor Alesano watched the cruel process go on from day to day, and his brow became lined with thought.

One morning he entered his wife's boudoir. "My dear Therésa," he said, "we will go for a cruise of a few months in the yacht. I am wearied with the cares of State."

The senhora, who was indolently lying on her cushions, merely nodded assent, but there came a strange glitter into her black Spanish eyes.

"To the Islands?" she inquired, after a pause.

"Yes," said Alesano with emphasis, glancing at the waiting-maid. "To the Islands."

The "Vigilante," Alesano's new steam yacht, had been recently built in the Clyde. She registered 500 tons, and was luxuriously fitted as to her cabins. What was more natural than that Sen-



hor and Senhora Alesano should take a long holiday on board their charming possession? The departure of so important a political personage as the Prime Minister took some weeks to arrange, and every one had an opportunity of discussing his plans to their minutest details. "It is the pleasantest season for the Pacific Islands," pronounced the public opinion of Vincosta.

Shortly before the day of embarkation the President of the National Bank had an important conversation with his Scotch manager, Mr. MacTavish, and the Secretary for War, who, being the head of the greatest spending department in the Republic, was associated with the Treasurer in the direction of the bank.

"MacTavish," said Alesano, "how much gold is there in the Bank?"

"Five hundred thousand sovereigns and a few odd notes and pesos."

Alesano looked at General Bolivar, but the warrior was not disturbed. He did not understand finance.

"How long will that last?" asked the President.

MacTavish reflected. "Business is slack just now and drafts are small. Unless there is a great increase in the supply of bills we shall be cleared out in six months."

"What will happen then?"

"We shall not be able to pay our notes, that's all." MacTavish laughed. A few years before, when agent for a Scottish bank, such a contingency would have stirred his business soul to its depths. Now he laughed. So great is the power of environment.

General Bolivar began to move uneasily. "I don't understand. What is all this talk of being cleared out? The bank is full of gold. I saw heaps the other day."

"Precisely," observed Alesano, "but when people hold notes representing six times as much, which we are obliged to pay on demand, and there is

every reason to suppose that they will 'demand' before long, our hold upon those heaps is not secure."

The General gasped. "Is it as bad as that?"

"Quite as bad."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I have tried to do so more than once," said Alesano, untruthfully; "but you did not understand me."

"How long have we before us?"

"You heard what MacTavish said. Six months at the outside."

"Merciful God, six months! And after that?"

"The old story of the depreciated peso aggravated."

"And I took my present house for three years," groaned Bolivar, "of which two have yet to run. Confound you, Alesano, who is to pay the rent?"

"I don't know. Perhaps you can suggest a remedy?"

"How on earth can I suggest a remedy when I know nothing about your beastly finance?"

"You have not found my finance beastly during the past two years."

"What a splendid time it has been! There never was such a time in Vincosta before. Make it last a little longer, Alesano, I implore you. What will my wife say when I tell her this awful news?"

The warrior bowed his honored head in grief.

"Don't tell her at all. I cannot do the impossible, but I can make the good time last a little longer."

"Not more than six months," bluntly pronounced Mr. MacTavish.

The Treasurer smiled. "Can I not? Suppose that our gold were all stolen, MacTavish, what would happen then?"

"We should be ruined at once instead of six months hence."

"Not if we published the fact of the loss. Our vanished resources would be multiplied so many times by rumor that even sensible business men would

credit us with losing millions. We should also have the best possible reason for temporarily suspending the payment of our notes while steps were being taken to recover the gold from the thieves, or from the bank—which would be responsible.”

“But the Bank is the Vincostan Government.”

“We know that, but no one else does. It is generally believed that the shares of the bank are largely held in England. It is a belief which I have always encouraged.”

“Oh!” said MacTavish, and fell to thinking.

Senhor Alesano's scheme was that the rulers of the bank should steal their own gold, and then advertise the loss over the world. MacTavish turned over the ingenious plan in his sober Scottish mind. At first it seemed absurdly fantastic, but soon he began to detect certain solid advantages.

“Your object is to gain time?”

“Exactly.”

“We should succeed so far, I think. We could suspend payments in specie under such circumstances without much injury to our credit. I do not think that the peso would quickly depreciate. I suppose that when the public expectation of our speedy recovery of the gold had worn itself out, you would find the stuff and begin a new lease of life.”

“You understand me perfectly, MacTavish. All the delay would be so much clear profit.”

“Very good, I will help; but of course you are responsible.”

“Of course. I and General Bolívar.”

“What's that? what's that?” cried Bolívar. “I responsible? Well, I don't know that it matters. I am responsible for a good many things. My chief anxiety is about that house.”

It was thereupon arranged that a scientific burglary should take place on the night before Senhor Alesano's

departure, and that the gold should be removed to the vaults of the Custom House upon the quay of Santa Maria.

“Our first cruise,” said Senhor Alesano to his wife, “begins two days hence and lasts for a week.”

“And after that!”

“After that,” he answered slowly, “if the weather be fair we will bear away for the Islands.”

Senhora Alesano laughed.

The Treasurer's plan was carried out with the attention to detail for which he was remarkable. He himself superintended the operations and was careful to leave just those traces which the police force of the Republic would expect.

“The burglary,” said the Treasurer to his accomplices, “was performed with the assistance of false keys. As the keys naturally did not fit at first, we will leave some steel filings on the threshold of the strong-room. The boxes of gold were unexpectedly heavy, and the thieves were compelled to drag them along the stone floor. Please assist me, MacTavish, to make the scratches sufficiently deep.”

With the aid of the principal Custom House officer, who of necessity was taken into the conspiracy, the work of transporting the gold was completed. It was an immense task. There were one hundred cases, and each weighed more than a hundred-weight.

“I must leave the custody of the national treasure to you,” said Alesano as they stood in the vault of the Custom House. “Two new locks have been fitted on the door. Here, General Bolívar, is the key of one. I give the other to you, Senhor Gomez. Every evening you will please examine the vaults together and satisfy yourselves that the gold is safe. And now, farewell. Senhor Gomez, one last caution.”

The Treasurer and the Custom House officer stood for a moment apart from the rest.

"You understand?"

"Yes. In seven days from to-morrow evening."

"I shall depend on you."

"Pardon me, Senhor, but why bring the gold here? It pleases me well, but why?"

"Because," said Alesano, "there is one incorruptible man in Vincosta, and he is the manager of the National Bank."

### III.

#### THE "VIGILANTE."

A week later, on the day appointed by the Treasurer, Senhor Gomez stood waiting upon the quay at Santa Maria. It was after midnight and extremely dark.

"He is certain to come," murmured the officer, "but when or how I do not know. The 'Vigilante' has not been heard of since she sailed. I expect the cunning old devil has kept far off until sunset, and is now dashing for Santa Maria at full steam with his lights out. He is equal to anything. If any one else had employed me on such a job, I would have got through both those locks and steamed off with the whole treasure. But it would not do to play tricks with Alesano. He would find me and blow my brains out if I were at the other end of the world."

Gomez began to laugh quietly to himself.

"Poor old Bolivar! It is delightful to see him come every night with MacTavish, to satisfy himself that all is safe. They came an hour ago, and will come to-morrow, when they will take a deal of satisfying. So MacTavish is incorruptible! Ah, they must be rich, those Scotch!"

A distant whistle struck softly upon the Custom House officer's ear. He stared at the black water, but saw nothing. The whistle was repeated.

Still he saw nothing, but soon, as he looked, the form of a white-sailed boat was faintly etched on the water.

"Here he is," said Senhor Gomez.

The boat ran swiftly in, followed by another, and out of the first stepped Treasurer Alesano.

"Good," he said quietly. "You are a faithful servant, Senhor Gomez."

"It is my interest to be faithful, Senhor."

"True. That is the best guarantee."

Three sailors followed Alesano up the stone steps of the quay.

"The yacht lies two miles out," explained Alesano. "At sunset she was fifty miles away."

The party moved quickly towards the door of the Custom House. Gomez drew out his key, but Alesano waved him aside. "Yours is not necessary. It was easy to get a double set of keys."

They entered the vaults where lay the hundred cases.

"Here is our cargo, lads."

Then the powerful sailors fell upon the gold, and removed the boxes one by one to the boats, until ninety had been stowed away.

"The rest are yours, Senhor Gomez," said Alesano. "The fortune is great, but not greater than the service you have rendered. Can I remove them for you?"

"If your men will carry them to the water's edge I shall be relieved. I have a swift launch ready, and in twenty-four hours my fortune and I will both be in Chili."

"You are wise. I was about to suggest a similar precaution."

When the last case had been carried away, Alesano carefully locked the door. "To-morrow, or rather this evening, for it is three o'clock, General Bolivar will discover that finance is even more exciting than war. Once more farewell, Senhor Gomez, and may you enjoy your wealth in silence."

"It is my interest to be silent, Senhor."

"True. That is the surest guarantee."

The heavily laden boats sailed to where the dark form of the "Vigilante" rolled upon the sea. Alesano saw all the cases safely hoisted on board, and then followed. The captain, an intelligent Scot, stood beside the wheel—all the British men are Scots in Vincosta—and near him Senhora Alesano reclined in a deck chair.

"Full steam, please, Captain Ritchie," cried the Treasurer of Vincosta. "Full steam, and shape her course for the Islands—the British Islands."

Senhora Alesano laughed.

The next day the Treasurer and his wife sat together under the great awning which covered half the deck, and conversed to the agreeable accompaniment of cigarettes.

"It is all locked away in the spare cabin. No one knows what it is, not even Captain Ritchie. The scheme was a pretty one, and worthy of you, my Therésa."

"Nay, it was yours."

"You are generous, my beautiful. We were *collaborateurs*. The most excellent part," he went on, "is the innocence of Treasurer Alesano. He was away on the Pacific in his yacht; he trusted to the vigilance of Bolivar and MacTavish, to the integrity of Gomez. Alas, what a perfidy was that of Gomez! He to abscond with half a million in gold sovereigns, what an incredible villain! That is what Bolivar and MacTavish are crying. No one else will know anything at all, and neither Bolivar nor MacTavish dare tell the little which they really do know. They are robbers who have themselves been robbed. What humiliation is theirs! They will do nothing but wait for Alesano to return, in order that he may put everything right. And Alesano will not return. He flies to England in the company of his beauti-

ful Therésa, his dear one whom he has at last made rich. It was a perfect scheme."

"Quite perfect," assented the Senhora.

"In no country is a fortune so safe as in England. Ah, those Consols, expensive but solid; those railway debentures; those loans of corporations! When the minute arrives to pay, there flies a cheque! The English do not ask for time and offer bills at three months. No, no. They send a cheque, payable on the instant, on the British mail. I shall put all the money in Consols, and in railways, and in stocks of corporations. We will spend 13,000% of interest every year, and all the while the principal money will be as safe as if in the Bank of England."

"Safer than in the Bank of Vincosta?"

Alesano laughed. "Much safer, my Therésa. We will not live in England except for a few months in the short summer. We will pass the winter in sunny Spain, or in the South of France, in Algiers or in Egypt. Wherever we please—that is, you please—we will go, for we shall be rich, my Therésa."

"But if it is discovered at any time where the gold has gone?"

"Ha, ha! I shall laugh, that is all. I am the Prime Minister of Vincosta, and I have always set my face against the treaties of extradition which some nations make with others. Vincosta is alone in splendid isolation. She has no treaties."

"It was useful to have been Prime Minister."

"Most useful," said Alesano.

So the happy days passed throughout the long voyage. The intelligent Scottish Captain Ritchie shaped an excellent course through seas which were always calm. It was the winter season in the Pacific, a season of warm days and cool nights like an English summer. The vessel coaled at Hong Kong and again at Aden, and then

passed up the Red Sea into the Mediterranean.

"We draw near England now," said the Treasurer. "A short two weeks, and the gold will be turned into paper, and we shall begin to calculate our dividends."

"I like gold best," said the simple Therésa.

One bright sunny afternoon the "Vigilante" steamed between the wooded banks of Southampton Water, and came to her moorings in the docks.

"Let us go ashore," appealed Therésa; "I am weary of ship quarters and ship food. Let us have an English dinner and sleep upon a soft English bed."

Alesano thought of his five tons of gold coin, and the dead weight of it gave him confidence.

"It is safe in the cabin. Yes, my beautiful, we will sleep ashore to-night."

"Do not leave the yacht," said he to Captain Ritchie. The Captain nodded. "I prefer to stay aboard, sir." An invaluable man was Captain Ritchie, a man to win the confidence of even a Portuguese Jew. A sense of admiration for his captain was in Alesano's mind as he went ashore. "The gold is as safe with Ritchie as with me. Ah, these Scotch, they are incorruptible!"

An English hotel was grateful to the voyagers after the long confinement of their yacht. A vessel, however large and sumptuous, can never be large or sumptuous enough. Its limitations are too inexorable.

Shortly after ten o'clock the following day, while taking a morning stroll, Alesano sauntered into the docks that he might look again upon his yacht. He arrived at the place of mooring, but the "Vigilante" was not there. He scanned all the ships in the docks, but the "Vigilante" was not one of them. Then he spoke to an official. "Where have you put my yacht, the 'Vigi-

lante?" He spoke easily, for alarm had not yet come to him.

"The 'Vigilante?'" replied the official. "Is that the yacht from South America which came in yesterday? She coaled last night, and sailed at daybreak."

"Sailed!" cried Alesano. "Sailed! Impossible!"

"It is true. Perhaps you had better speak to the harbor master."

Alesano followed the courteous official. Not even yet had the conviction of his terrible loss forced itself upon him. A mistake must have been made. The yacht was his; her cargo of gold was his. No man, and certainly not the honest sailor Ritchie, could have been so inconceivably base as to rob him.

"Yes, sir," the harbor master was speaking. "She coaled late last night, or early this morning, and at four o'clock she left the dock. The captain stated that the owner was aboard."

"I am the owner. Man, she was my yacht. Everything I possess in the world was on board."

The harbor master shrugged his shoulders. "She is out of the jurisdiction by now."

Alesano rushed to the dock gates, boarded a cab, and drove straight for his hotel.

"My wife," he cried, "where is my wife?"

"Mrs. Alesano," said the grave landlady—her honest British tongue rejected all foreign designations—"Mrs. Alesano went out half an hour ago, and drove with her luggage to the station. She asked for the next train to London, and I told her 10.15. It is now 10.30."

"She asked for the 10.15 and it is now 10.30," murmured Senhor Alesano. "It is now 10.30."

Then he fainted.

Twenty-four hours passed before Senhor Alesano was able to bend his mind to the dreadful subject which



claimed his attention. The flight of his *Therésa*, his beautiful, following as it did the flight of Captain Ritchie with the yacht and the gold, had gone near to shattering the Treasurer's mental system altogether. But he was a strong man, and even in the early freshness of his misfortunes he began to make plans for the future.

"The gold is gone," he decided. "Ritchie will make for a South American port from which there is no extradition. In any case I could take no action, for the law of no country would recognize the gold as mine. Ah, *Therésa*, I could bear even that frightful loss with cheerfulness if thou wert by my side! How could the love of a cold Scot compete with that of the noble *Alesano*? Thou hast gone to join him at some time and spot agreed upon.

What treachery! I stole the gold for thee, and now thou wilt enjoy it with thy lover and laugh—laugh—malediction! As for me, the innocent deceived by false man and false woman, I will return to my faithful *Vincosta*. I am still Prime Minister and Treasurer, and President of the National Bank. We will repudiate all our debts, public and private—how comforting is the recollection that I have not paid for the 'Vigilante'—and we will begin a new life without debts and without credit. After marriage, dishonor; after gold sovereigns, the silver peso. It is a dreadful descent, but I am still Treasurer, and a careful man. There is still, I thank Heaven, a plain living to be made, even out of the Republic of *Vincosta*."

*Bennet Copplestone.*

*Cornhill Magazine.*

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### THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Lo! the spirit has fled, and only the casket is left  
In its emptiness here!  
Of voices and feet, of laughter and sorrow bereft,  
There remains to us—fear!

In the glory of noon, if open the shutters you throw,  
Flooding chambers to gold,  
The silence will breathe of a past that we never may know:  
'Tis a tale that is told!

Much more when the moon is hallowing woodland and hill  
Shall we start at each sound:  
At the whirr of a moth, at a mouse, our heart will stand still  
In the silence profound.

In a mirror's pale gleam we shrink from an awe-stricken  
face,  
And we strain sharpened ears;  
But 'tis haunted alone by the ghosts of Days dead, is this  
place,  
With their laughter and tears.

*The Speaker.*

*F. B. Doveton.*

## UNDER THE BEARD OF BUCHANAN.

What charm can soothe our melancholy,  
What art can wash our grief away?

is unquestionably the problem of the day, and happy will be the literary agent who can solve it. Our writers have become grave as judges, and their occasional deviations into the sadly humorous are received with the lenient enthusiasm of a wearied courtroom. A live rabbit under the partially exhausted receiver of an air-pump exhibits a melancholy excitement that is almost equalled in pathos by the conduct of the general reader in the present rarefied atmosphere of humor. We are fain to laugh at the most unconsidered trifles. To such a pass have we come, that men have recently been seen to smile at Mr. Frank Harris' Shakespearian criticism, and to laugh immoderately at Canon Rawnsley's daily sonnet. The only fear is that Mr. Jerome and his merry men should again take advantage of our necessity. We want humor, it is true; but heaven protect us from a recrudescence of the late New Humor, which after all was never really "new," but only an Anglified and diluted form of the transatlantic substitute for wit. Oh for an hour of Thackeray or Dickens! But Melancholy, it would seem, has marked us for her own.

We had fondly harbored the delusion that the problem novel had gone to its long home with the trunk-maker, and lo! it is with us again in a subtly disguised but no less baneful form. Having toyed with adultery, our lady novelists seem to have become enamored of suicide. Mrs. Humphry Ward made away with her latest heroine, and that none too soon. We contemplated the change with an equanimity which we cannot profess to feel for

the new writer who has recently, in a work of great ability, put the justification of suicide forward as "The Open Question." The ability of the book, and, alas! its earnestness, are only too apparent; but neither of these can extenuate the offence of an author who, appealing to a popular audience, dares lightly to tamper with the very foundations of morality, and vitiates the public mind with a study in mental pathology, tricked out in the guise of fiction. We do not envy C. E. Raimond her responsibility. It is a fascinating subject, truly! the painfully minute record of two neurotic and decadent lovers who marry for mutual gratification, and resolve to die together before their hereditary curse can be bequeathed to another generation. A brave and inspiring gospel this, which to the question whether life is worth living answers, Yes—provided that we realize clearly that the duration of life is in our own hands. A more pitiful shadow of a man than Ethan Gano never trod the stage of feminine fiction, and were it not for the insidious moral of his pining life, we should heartily applaud the closing scene where—much against his own will, be it said—he finally "steers for the Sunset." The only redeeming character in the book is brave old Mrs. Gano, a mother worthy of a Gracchus, and all too tolerant of her own miserable brood. "You walk in darkness," said the old woman on her deathbed. "Not the fear of God—that's tonic—but in the fear of pain. Oh, I've watched this phase of modern life. It's been coming, coming for years. The world to-day is crushed and whining under a load of sentimentality. People presently will be afraid to move, lest they do or receive some hurt." The vigor-

ous excellence shown in the drawing of this character leaves a loophole of escape for C. E. Raimond, in that it sometimes raises a doubt whether we are to read her contrariwise, and regard the book as a satire of decadence. But this is only a charitable and forlorn hope; and if it be correct, it but serves to show that she has handled deadly weapons which she cannot use without endangering the public safety. There is only one natural interpretation of her book, and it is fraught with the poisonous air of a hothouse philosophy.

Thackeray, we stake the reputation of "Maga" on it, knew a great deal more about the humor and tragedy of human life than C. E. Raimond; and to all poor souls who have read "The Open Question" we would commend his summary of problem fiction as a sovereign antidote:—

Werther had a love for Charlotte  
Such as words could never utter;  
Would you know how first he met her?  
She was cutting bread-and-butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,  
And a moral man was Werther,  
And, for all the wealth of Indies,  
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogleâ,  
And his passion boiled and bubbled,  
Till he blew his silly brains out,  
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body  
Borne before her on a shutter,  
Like a well-conducted person,  
Went on cutting bread-and-butter.

We are bound to say, however, that recent fiction also offers us several excellent antidotes for this nauseating stuff, and we deemed ourselves fortunate when chance made us acquainted with the tenth edition of the story of "Isabel Carnaby"—a most vivacious and entertaining book. It has all the charm, if all the faults, of youth, and

we gladly forgive a conventional plot for so much sprightly dialogue. Miss Fowler—to use the latest Fleet Street jargon—has "arrived," and "should go far;" but we would respectfully suggest that she would go still farther were she to cease to use "like" for "as," and were she to add to the many "excellencies" of her work the purely masculine virtue of correct spelling. Some of the same magic of youth which gives its perennial charm to "Mona Maclean" has disappeared from Graham Travers' "Windyhaugh;" but we are fully recompensed by an infinitely more matured skill, a more subtle humor, a profounder insight into life. There is, perhaps, enough and to spare of psychology in Dr. Todd's remarkable book, but it is all of the right kind; and there is not in English fiction a more careful and penetrating analysis of the evolution of a woman's mind than is given in *Wilhelmina Galbraith*. But "Windyhaugh" is not a book in which there is only one "star" and a crowd of "supers." Every character is limned with the conscientious care that bespeaks the true artist, and the analytical interest of the novel is rigorously kept in its proper place as only one element in a delightful story. It is a supremely interesting and wholesome book, and in an age when excellence of technique has reached a remarkable level, "Windyhaugh" compels admiration for its brilliancy of style.

Dr. Todd paints on a large canvas, but she has a true sense of proportion—the want of which alone prevents Mr. Eden Philpott's "Children of the Mist" from being one of the finest novels of its year. The romantic atmosphere he has, and all the literary endowment, but he has smothered a brilliant novel under a plethora of detail. As compared with either of these, Miss May Sinclair is a miniaturist;

but it would be difficult to praise too highly her brilliantly clean-cut portraiture, and her bold and successful handling of an unattractive subject, in "Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Tyson." The story is a little masterpiece, and the literary epicure will find a rich feast in its gracefully easy and pungently witty style. But of all the literary feats of the year one of the most remarkable has surely been achieved by Mr. Alfred Ollivant, who has contrived to make a most absorbing story out of but three characters—two of them being sheep-dogs and the other an irascible little Scotsman. We are not surprised to see that Mr. Ollivant has also been duly told that he will "go far," for we are almost ready to go the length of saying that in "Owd Bob" he has already "been and gone and done it." Red Wull and Owd Bob are the best dogs on paper, and we honestly prefer them to most of their human contemporaries in fiction. If we have a fault to find, it is that Mr. Ollivant, like Landseer, debases his dogs by making them too human for an ordinary kennel; and we should have liked Owd Bob all the better had he been less circumspect and gentlemanly in his walk and conservation in life. None the less, the death of Red Wull is Homeric.

The year of grace 1898 will stand out prominently in the literary history of Poor Jack. Once more the spirit of the age has found literary expression, and the result is a whole revolving bookcaseful of literature, highly charged with the spirit of Imperialism. Taking it all in all, the literature is worthy of the sentiment. The keynote is struck on "Drake's Drum," a magnificent song by Mr. Henry Newbolt, which will insure him a place in all future anthologies side by side with Thomas Campbell. "The Fighting Temeraire" and "The Ballad of the Bold Menelaus" are only a degree less

successful, and throughout all three there runs a haunting rhythm that will swing them worthily into immortality. Mr. Newbolt may surely be content, and we are sorry to find him flogging and spurring his jaded muse. Only once or twice in a lifetime can he hope to reach so high a mark, and he imperils his own reputation by presenting—ay, and representing—his undoubted masterpieces in a setting of uninspired and unworthy doggerel. With a commanding rhythm Mr. Newbolt can always be the Kipling of the Fleet; without one, he is no better than a poetaster. Mr. Kipling's own contribution to naval literature, "A Fleet in Being," is not likely to add to his reputation—although it might easily make one for a lesser name. In a word, it is not quite the sort of thing that, like Mr. Steevens' *tour de force*, has recently on two occasions "brought the blood to the cheek" of the "Spectator." And yet nobody but Mr. Kipling could have written it, and we gladly confess that its perusal left us so full of pride in our first line of defence that we felt—for the moment—a perfect readiness to submit to a doubling of the income-tax. And that is surely fame!

Mr. G. Stewart Bowles and Mr. W. F. Shannon describe respectively the humors of the "gun-room" and the "mess-deck," and between them we feel that we have learned all that is worth knowing of what Lord Charles calls "the many-sided life of a seaman, with its chance and charm, its hardships, its occasional pleasures and pastimes, and its dangers and unforeseen contingencies at all times." Mr. Bowles is obviously a youthful and enthusiastic understudy of Mr. Kipling, and he strikes no new note; but his descriptions are always naively entertaining, as his imitations are often clever. Mr. Shannon, also, is an imitator; but more than one of his yarns

is almost worthy of Mr. Jacobs, and we can pay him no higher compliment. Very different is the story which Mr. Harry Vandervell has to record in his unique "Shuttle of an Empire's Loom." The "liner she's a lady" we know on Mr. Kipling's authority, and by the same reckoning the man-o'-war's a gentleman; but it was on neither of these, but on a common vagabond of a cargo-boat, that Mr. Vandervell, shaking the dust of the Stock Exchange off his feet, elected to take his pleasure seriously by signing on as a man before the mast. As we have said, the record is unique, and it reflects equal credit on Mr. Vandervell's sense of humor and on the sterling good qualities of our common sailors that the story is as entertaining as it is. The "Shuttle of an Empire's Loom" has every claim to be called a "human document," and it is calculated to reassure those who delight to paint our merchant service blacker than it is. The British tar, whether he be taken from the "Queen's Navee" or a common cargo-boat, has at least two points in common—unfailing pluck and indomitable good-humor.

It is the humorous side of sea-life alone that Mr. Jacobs depicts, but within his limits he has no equal. Mr. Gilbert's test of humor, if we remember rightly, was its capacity to make a prisoner smile. We applied a severer test by taking up "Many Cargoes" in a dyspeptic moment, and we gladly testify that as a universal remedy for depression it is worth a guinea a page. "The Skipper's Wooing" was no less successful, although its humor had broadened into farce, and it was with some disappointment that we found ourselves reading "Sea Urchins" unmoved. But we took the best available remedy by reading "Many Cargoes" again, and, thanks to this admirable book, we who started on our quest of the humorous with such dismal fore-

bodings, have ended it like the Yorkshireman by "larling, and larling, and larling again."

Melancholy men, according to Aristotle, of all others are most witty, and we could wish that the paradox were as true as it is comforting. But it would be unpardonable, even at a push, to extract a grain of comfort by simply converting an Aristotelian generalization; and we would rather seek an explanation for the prevailing dearth of humor in the fact that the average writer of to-day possesses what Mr. Andrew Lang—in happy English and quite unnecessary French—has termed "the adorable faculty of taking himself *au sérieux*." A singularly brilliant example of this faculty has been given to the world recently by Dr. J. B. Crozier, who has made a gallant attempt to establish an autobiographical record in a volume of five hundred and fifty octavo pages—eleven pages for every year of an uneventful life. This, we submit, is monstrous; and the value of the author's contributions to philosophy cannot for a moment excuse so flagrant a literary indiscretion as is afforded in "My Inner Life." We have the less hesitation in using it to point our moral, as we have Dr. Crozier's assurance that he has learned to treat the "dæmonic element"—*i.e.*, the apathy of publishers and public and the insolence of reviewers—with "the indifference or contempt it deserves," an affectation that is neither impressive nor new.

It takes more than two hundred crowded pages to describe the evolution of Dr. Crozier's mind up to the age of twenty, and half as much again to recount his literary misfortunes, which we may say at once present no deviation from the beaten track of literary experience, save in the immeasurable conceit of their telling, a conceit so colossal that it would need the fountain-pen of a Hall Caine adequately to paint it. "I have often



thought," says Dr. Crozier, "that had Carlyle, Ruskin, Macaulay, Buckle, Mill, Lecky, Spencer, Morley, or Arnold started publishing their literary work to-day, they would have been practically ignored"—like Dr. Crozier, that is to say; for with unusual modesty he leaves it to the reader to supply the omission in this ingenious chain of reasoning. Deprecating, with a *naïveté* worthy of genius, "the imputation of taking myself too seriously," the author gives a detailed account of how he vainly assailed the leading magazines with a short "Solution of the World-problem" in an essay of twenty pages (a beggarly allowance, truly, in light of the five hundred and fifty devoted to the Evolution of the Mind of Dr. Crozier!), and how he was invariably worsted by the "dæmonic element." Then he bearded Carlyle, and found him "querulous, cantankerous, and altogether too critical and exacting for ordinary humanity"—too critical even for Dr. Crozier, for the dyspeptic and sorely tried sage, parodying Jeffrey, closed our author's autobiographical confidences with a brusque "Na, na, that winna do."

And Carlyle was not the only victim of Dr. Crozier's attentions. We confess that we have seldom read anything with more amusement than the story of his amiable persecution of authors, friends, and editors; and had there been only a little more of such sack and a less intolerable deal of stale bread, we could have found it possible to speak of this stately volume with enthusiasm. The keynote of Dr. Crozier's mental life, if we mistake not, is struck very early in the volume, where he confesses that he once made "a serious attempt to subjugate the vanity and conceit which were now at their flowering-time with me, and which I already felt to be reptiles throwing a trail of slime and baseness over all of good that I thought or did;

. . . but after several ineffectual attempts to eradicate the vice, I gave up the task as hopeless, and awaited a more propitious day." We shall be glad if we may in some degree hasten the advent of that propitious day, and we forgive much in "My Inner Life" on account of the crowning horror which Dr. Crozier has spared us. "In what other form," he asks, "than the autobiographical could I present my ideas, unless, indeed, as a Novel, in which, however, for want of space, justice could only be done to a small division of the subject."

It is with a distinct feeling of relief that we turn from the vainest of mortals to the greatest and most inscrutable immortal. While Dr. Crozier "abides [nay, anticipates] our question," our Shakespeare still "is free . . . out-topping knowledge"—even the knowledge possessed by Mr. Sidney Lee. Were "Magna" to "crown" the best book of the past year, she would not hesitate to select Mr. Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare." This masterly work is an honor to English scholarship, an almost perfect model of its kind, and it is indeed matter for great national rejoicing that the standard life of Shakespeare has at last been "made in England." Rarely have we seen a book so wholly satisfying, so admirably planned, so skillfully executed. Mr. Lee makes no attempt to offer us æsthetic criticism, and in this lies the great excellence of his plan, for we have hitherto had enough and to spare of "imaginative insight" and all too little of accurate and well-digested facts. Accordingly, it is impossible to rate too highly this "guide-book to Shakespeare's life and work," which impresses the reader at once by its remarkable width and accuracy of learning, its marvellously lucid marshalling of intricate details, and the unfailing sobriety and modesty of its style. The only portions of the

book that are really open to criticism are the few occasions on which Mr. Lee, departing somewhat from his original design, definitely enters the field of controversy; and though no one has a better right to be heard on those matters, we are inclined to think that it would have been better for Mr. Lee to maintain consistently his rôle as the impartial historian of everything relating to Shakespeare. Dr. Robertson Nicoll has recently been promulgating the very disputable theory that a critic should be set to catch a critic, and—granting his theory—justly pluming himself on having elicited Professor Dowden's opinion of Mr. Lee's achievement. The instance adduced does not inspire us with much confidence in the proposition, for, as might have been expected, the professor reviews only those portions of the book which are really extraneous to its real design, and pays but halting tribute to its total excellence. True, Mr. Lee, while always ingenious, is not always convincing in his positive criticism, and his argument in favor of Barnabe Barnes affords no adequate reason for departing from Professor Minto's identification of Chapman with the "rival poet" of the Sonnets. On other disputed points, Mr. Lee seems to us far more cogent, and his interpretation of the Sonnets is the most reasonable and most convincing that has yet been put forward. But most of these points are likely to remain for all time *sub judice*, and we trust that their final settlement may be long delayed, if for no other reason than to continue and stimulate our critical interest in Shakespeare. We emphatically repeat, however, that these questions do not enter into an estimate of the new *Life of Shakespeare*. Mr. Lee modestly hopes that his work may be found "a complete and trustworthy guidebook," and it is assuredly that, and a great deal more. It is an absolutely indispensable hand-

book for every intelligent reader of the plays.

The industry of biographers has of late been pressing hardly on the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, whom so many writers persist in referring to as R. L. S.—an affectation which does not make for the dignity of letters. We hope and trust that, when the time comes, Mr. Sidney Colvin may deal as faithfully by R. L. S. as Mr. Sidney Lee has by W. S., or Mrs. Ritchie by W. M. T. So far, however, we have little to be thankful for in the way of Stevensonian biography, if we except Mr. Henley's very masterly and virile portrait in verse. Professor Raleigh, whom the reviewers, not without justice, term the Lyly of to-day, has discoursed in a vein of three-piled hyperbole, but the volume—remarkable chiefly for its wealth of mixed metaphor—did not inspire us with confidence in the critical value of Victorian euphuism. Nor did the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" carry us further than an admiration for Mr. Colvin's astuteness in stimulating a curiosity in the Great Work that is to come. Meanwhile Mrs. Black and Miss Simpson have been busy. "For once," wrote Mr. Frederic Harrison in the wisest and most stimulating utterance produced by the "Choice of Books" inquiry—"for once that we take down our Milton, and read a book of that 'voice,' as Wordsworth says, 'whose sound is like the sea,' we take up fifty times a magazine with something about Milton, or about Milton's grandmother, or a book stuffed with curious facts about the houses in which he lived, and the juvenile ailments of his first wife." And thus it is we now know positively that at the age of four Stevenson was gorgeously arrayed "in a blue merino pelisse trimmed with gray astrachan," and that the excellent Cummy was dissatisfied therewith, justly "indignant that

such a bairn should be dressed in a remnant, however excellent the stuff." Says Miss Simpson, "How interesting it would have been to have had a photograph of these two mothers (Mrs. Barrie and Mrs. Stevenson) discussing their sons, their books, or their infantine ailments." We confess that we entertain no curiosity whatever on the subject; but should Miss Simpson see fit to give us a series of imaginary maternal conversations, we shall be glad to hear something of what passed between Mrs. Jonson and Mrs. Shakespeare regarding the juvenile delinquencies of their distinguished sons. All this seems to us the *reductio ad absurdum* of biography; and it would be unworthy of the advertisement of reprobation, were it not that it represents an all too common tendency in present-day journalism—a tendency begotten of vulgar and irrelevant curiosity.

Justice compels us to admit, however, that these efforts at biography have not been written in vain. They tell lit-

tle, it is true, of their hero that is of any literary value, though they ascribe to him a measure of affectation which we hope is as exaggerated as is their praise; but their real achievement lies in the fact that, hopelessly dull themselves, they have driven Mr. Sidney Colvin into a position of delightfully humorous absurdity. No sooner had Mrs. Black's humble volume appeared than Mr. Colvin thundered "Hands off!—let no one touch Stevenson while the chosen biographer perpend." There is much that attracts us in this new Literary Game Law, with its close seasons and its ominous warnings to such as trespass. But it was surely ungallant of Mr. Colvin to bully two very harmless ladies, who have done their work so poorly that we are prepared to be all the more lenient to his long-announced and much-vaunted masterpiece when it does come. Let it be accounted for righteousness to Mrs. Black and Miss Simpson that they have maintained the "open door" against Mr. Colvin's preposterous theory of protection.

Blackwood's Magazine.

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### AGEANAX.

Idyl vii., 52-62.

Dear voyager, a lucky star be thine,  
 To Myrtlene sailing over sea:  
 Or foul or fair the constellations shine,  
 Or east or west the wind-blown billows flee,  
 May halcyon-birds that hover o'er the brine  
 Diffuse abroad their own tranquillity,  
 Till ocean stretches stilly as the wine  
 In this deep cup which now we drain to thee.  
 From lip to lip the merry circle through  
 We pass the tankard and repeat thy name;  
 And having pledged thee once, we pledge anew,  
 Lest in thy friend's neglect thou suffer shame.  
 God-speed to ship, good health to plous crew,  
 Peace by the way, and port of noble fame.

Edward Cracroft Lefroy.

## A LITTLE FRONDE.

We should seek in vain in the ordinary histories of Europe for any notice of the political plot of the year 1674 against the "system" of the "Grand Monarque," which is referred to in the title of this article.

By another name—that of Rohan's conspiracy—the story of a political crime and its tragic consequences has been commemorated by a medal, two tragedies, and a romance, and has been preserved in a few "*mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de France*,"<sup>1</sup> not so much in the interests of historical evidence as on account of certain sensational incidents connected with the *dénouement* of a drama which, in the words of a contemporary writer, is "*propre à faire connaître l'esprit de ce siècle*." The story of Rohan's conspiracy, as it has hitherto been known to us, may be briefly told as follows:—

Louis de Rohan, commonly known as the Chevalier de Rohan, the scion of an illustrious house, princes of France, was held, even in that licentious age, to have sullied the honor of his family. Martin briefly describes him as "*l'homme le mieux fait de son temps et de la plus grande mine*;" but the French historian has omitted the words which follow in the text,<sup>2</sup> and which serve as a fitting introduction to the gallantries and dissipations of which a full description has been faithfully preserved to us by contemporary gossips. At length, "*perdu de dettes et de vices*," and finding himself "*mal à la cour*," and on still worse terms with his own relations, he engaged in a desperate plot

to admit the Dutch into Quillebœuf or Honfleur, for which treason he was to receive 100,000 crowns. His chief agents were a retired officer named "La Tréaumont" and a lady calling herself the "Marquise de Villars," together with a Dutch schoolmaster named Van den Enden, who conducted the correspondence and drew up the treaty which the conspirators are stated to have entered into with the States-General. This schoolmaster is said to have been Spinoza's master, and to this fact his character of "*philosophe*," or sceptic, may be ascribed. Amongst the lesser conspirators was a nephew of "La Tréaumont," the Chevalier de Préaux.

The failure of this conspiracy is a fact which is established by the history of the period. Quillebœuf made no sign, and Van Tromp is supposed to have appeared in vain off the coast of Normandy. Finally La Tréaumont was arrested at Rouen, and, offering resistance, was shot by the guard. The others were taken and lodged in the Bastille.

We have no details whatever of the trial, imprisonment, and execution of Rohan and his accomplices, except such as were based upon rumors current in semi-official circles. We find it stated that not a single witness or incriminating document was forthcoming, and that the conspirators were condemned solely upon their own confession, made under torture or in the delusive hope of pardon.

The received version also includes

<sup>1</sup>Ed. Michaud et Poujoulat, Ser. III. t. vii. and viii.; "Le Prince Infortuné" (Courtills); "La Tréaumont" (M. J. E. Sue); "Trois Drames Historiques" (P. Clement).

<sup>2</sup>"et qui avoit les plus belles jambes."—Michaud et Poujoulat, viii. 279.

<sup>3</sup>His real name was La Trémaumont.

<sup>4</sup>The English spelling, "Villers," seems more likely to be correct, probably of Pont l'Eveque, Normandy.

some general impressions of the behavior of the condemned prisoners during their last hours in the Bastille, and of so much of the scene on the scaffold as was visible to the spectators. It was given out that Rohan died like a gallant gentleman, returning the salutations of the *mousquetaires* with a martial bearing; that La Tréaumont's nephew appeared calm and unconcerned; whilst the lady and the school-master displayed the apathy of baser souls. The popular opinion that the Chevallier's great friends could have saved him if they had chosen, is given for all it is worth. But although the character of "*une nouvelle Fronde*" has been given to the conspiracy, the title appears meaningless without some clue to the motives of the conspirators. This is perhaps furnished by the admissions of the Marquise de Villers, whom our authorities, with what justice will be presently seen, have contemptuously dismissed as the Chevallier's mistress, "*une espèce de Brinvilliers*," a "*femme galante*," a "*demi-mondaine*," an atheist, who died without fear or remorse in the assurance that the dead rise not.

It is possible, however, from an outside source to learn a good deal more about the matter. It is obvious that there were two foreign governments which had a deep interest in the fate of the conspiracy—Holland and Spain, though whether the archives of those countries have preserved any further particulars of the plot and its consequences is a point which does not seem to have been investigated. There was, however, another country which was indirectly interested in these events. England, since the fall of the Cabal and the resignation of Arlington as

Secretary of State, had already begun to hold aloof from an understanding with France, and to draw closer towards the Protestant alliance. For this reason we can understand why Sir Joseph Williamson, the new Secretary of State, took a special interest in finding out all that there was to be known about the business.\* Fortunately he possessed in his agent at Paris, William Perwick, a man capable of this task. After dispatching several installments of news respecting the fate of the conspirators in November of 1674, Perwick was at length able, in the following January, to furnish the details of the plot itself. This information appears to have been received from the best sources, from one who assisted at the trial, and from another who was privileged to remain in the Bastille during the long forenoon which preceded the execution. The latter was not only an eye-witness of the events which he describes, but he was able to report actual conversations with the condemned prisoners in their own words, although the English agent naïvely remarks that the whole matter has been kept a profound secret.

Their story reads as follows: In April of the year 1674 Rohan and La Tréaumont concocted an anonymous letter, not to the Dutch Government, but to the Count de Monterey, the Spanish Governor at Brussels, alleging that Normandy was ripe for revolt, and that there was a great man (indicating Rohan himself) who, on condition that the States sent a fleet with 6,000 men, and arms for 20,000,<sup>†</sup> with two million livres, and the assurance of pensions of 30,000 crowns and 20,000 crowns respectively for the two ringleaders, would engage to give them possession

\* If she was in love with any one it was certainly not Rohan, but De Preaux, though the assertion seems quite gratuitous.

† It has been stated that information of the plot was given to Louis himself by Charles II., but on what authority does not appear.

† The pretext for gathering an armed force was to have been found in the summoning of the "*Arrière-ban*," which was anticipated at this date.



of Quillebœuf and another maritime town, and therewith of the whole of Normandy, whence an army might march straight on Versailles "without passing a river or bridge." To this letter no direct answer was to be sent, but acquiescence should be signified by inserting a paragraph in the gazette "that the king intended to make two marshals of France, and that a courier from Madrid had arrived at Brussels." The paragraph duly appeared, and Rohan left Paris for Normandy.

There, during the month of May, he and Tréaumont proceeded to foment a rebellion, although they found themselves sadly hampered by want of funds. Still the church door and town walls of Rouen were plastered with treasonable bills. La Tréaumont held his little court in taverns, whither all the disaffected repaired to him, and in particular he succeeded in "debauching" the nobility of the province.

The king's officers became alarmed, and the President, Pelot, suspecting La Tréaumont from his general reputation, employed a spy, who gained admission to the meetings of the conspirators, won the confidence of their leader, and was able to put his employer in possession of their secret. Pelot thereupon posted off to Paris, and told the whole story to the king himself. Rohan, who had returned to Paris, was immediately arrested, as he came from mass, by the captain of the Gardes du Corps, and was sent in a coach to the Bastille. The attempted arrest of La Tréaumont followed; but it is worthy of notice that the English agent states positively that he died by his own hand, and the probability of this report is increased by the admitted fact that the officer who attempted his arrest was an old comrade. The schoolmaster, we are told, was recognized by a student, and was arrested with the other conspirators.<sup>9</sup> The names of the more important of these prisoners are given; but it was

thought that no overt act could be laid to their charge, with the exception of the Marquise de Villers.

This was in September. Before the end of the following month it had begun to be whispered that the king was not inclined to mercy, and that Rohan's fate was sealed. On November 1st the Père Bourdaloue, "a great preacher of this country," was sent to visit the impenitent seigneur in the Bastille. On November 3rd the Chancellor came to Paris to "finish the business" with the help of twenty-five judges. De Préaux, who had passed as Rohan's *écuyer*, offered to give evidence, pretending that he had joined the plot in order to save the State. The judges, who could dispense with his evidence, treated him as "a very rogue," and at the last he withdrew some of his accusations. He was, however, instrumental in causing the conviction of the Marquise de Villers, whose letters he had meanly kept. One of these contained the words, "*Il n'y fit jamais meilleur; et si l'on envoie dix mille hommes on se rendra maître de tout.*" She further confessed on the scaffold, at the entreaty of her confessor, that a certain gentleman had promised her a troop of horse.

On Saturday, November 24th, a number of the judges passed sentence of death, and on Monday, the 26th, the rest concurred in this sentence, which was "moderated" from being drawn asunder to decapitation—the punishment of "*lezé majesté en second chef*," namely, "*contre l'estat*," and not against the king's person.

It would seem that Rohan, having been entrapped into a confession, discovered his error, and in his next examination under torture he denied everything. On receiving an assurance that the whole truth was known, he admitted his former confession after

<sup>9</sup> There is a hiatus in the MS. which relates to the circumstances attending the arrest of the schoolmaster.

further torture. This was on November 24th. He was, however, still convinced that he would not die, on the ground that he had not actually signed the treaty with the enemy. So convinced was he of the impossibility of the capital sentence being carried out against a person of his rank, that he persisted in his refusal to receive the priest who was sent to confess him at the request of his mother.\* On Sunday night, November 25th, his supper was brought to him cut in pieces, and wine in a silver cup, "*de peur qu'il ne taschât à se faire mourir en avallant du verre ou se servant du couteau.*" Then at last he guessed the truth, and cried, "*Je suis condamné à la mort.*" His kindly gaoler reassured him, but on rising next morning he found all the ribbons cut from his clothes—"and then he knew that he must die." On the evening of November 26th Fathers Bourdaloue and Talon appeared "*pour disposer M. de Rohan à la mort.*" They passed the whole night "in this exercise;" but Rohan was agitated and walked up and down, repeating to his valet, "*Je voy bien qu'il faut que je meure.*" At 7 o'clock the next morning the officials arrived to pronounce the sentence to the accused in turn, and to inflict a final torture upon the commoners. Rohan heard his sentence unmoved, denying only an attempt against the king's person. The officers were followed by the executioner, who wished for ribbons with which to pinion him in place of cords; but Rohan replied, "*Il me souvient que nostre seigneur fut lié de cordes; il n'est pas juste que je soy mieux traité.*" Although he had now placed himself like a child in Bourdaloue's hands, he was roused by the hope of a reprieve at the last moment, and listened intently for the ring of horse's hoofs on the drawbridge. But they came not. Whether any but his mother would have begged

his life may be doubted; but the affectionate message sent to her by the king after the fatal event shows that he at least understood her grief. All his kinsmen and friends and "many other persons of quality" left Paris early on the morning of November 27th, "so as not to be present at his execution." Although a rescue was improbable, extraordinary precautions were taken. All the burghers of the Faubourg St. Antoine were ordered to keep their houses, the gate was shut, and chains were drawn across the streets and from St. Paul's Church to the Bastille. Six hundred *mousquetaires* and four companies of the *gardes du corps* were drawn up three deep round the scaffold. The Chevalier de Rohan was the only nobleman who died upon the scaffold during the long reign of Louis XIV.

The story of the Marquise de Viller's last hours, as related by an eye-witness in the Bastille, is a very touching one. She was awakened at 10 o'clock on the morning of November 27th, and dressed herself, exclaiming that it was fortunate that she had the resolution to die bravely. Then she went down "with an assured countenance, to the great surprise of everybody." In the chapel she found her fellow-sufferers: Rohan between the Fathers Bourdaloue and Talon, and De Préaux attended by a doctor of the Sorbonne. "Having no one to comfort her," she said to Rohan, "*Monsieur, je vous prie de me donner un de vos pères.*" A few hours later a gentleman came to visit her, charged with a message from her brother. He found her seated by the fire, and she received him "as though she had been in her own chamber." He informed her that her brother had been on his knees to the king for her life in vain. The king had replied that he could pardon an attempt against his own person, but not against his people; that did not rest with him. However, he granted the forfeiture of her estates to her brother.

\*The Princess de Guemene, better known as Madame de Soubise.

The Marquise replied that, of course, the king could have pardoned her if he had chosen, but still she was glad that her brother had the estates. It would, perhaps, save her children from going to law for their shares, and he would be kind to them. She then dispatched certain private business "with much witt and discretion," and asked, as a dying request, that prayers might be said for her soul, that her body might not be left in the street, that a small debt which she owed might be paid, and that her maid might receive her clothes. Then she addressed herself to her companions in misfortune. To Rohan, who observed that they both died for the same crime without ever having met before that day, she replied that this was true. Turning to De Préaux, she said that his imprudence had been the cause of her death, but she pardoned him; and then silenced his protestations by bidding him think of higher things. The scaffold was reached in a coach, in which the lady was seated beside the wretched schoolmaster, who had given way completely, "being a philosopher and having no religion," we are told, though it is added, as some excuse, that he was seventy-three years of age and had been subjected to "the question" that morning "with severity." Rohan and his squire proceeded on foot, with as much resolution as they could muster;<sup>10</sup> but the Marquise, prompted by the good Father Bourdaloue, took pity upon the former's nervous terror, "who seem'd to be half dead, his lips blew, his face pale and disfigured like a dead visage." Praying her fellow-sufferers to "put a good face" on it, she announced her intention of seeing them die before her, "although she had the compliment of precedence, in order, as she said, to give a sign of Christian humility, but really to save them from the worst agony of suspense. The schoolmaster, being "*roturier*," was

hanged. "*Il subsistait encore*," says Martin, "*des distinctions aristocratiques devant le bourreau*."

Rohan's body was carried into the Bastille, where, by arrangement with his mother, it was conveyed to her in a mourning coach.<sup>11</sup> That of the Marquise was covered with a sheet, and was carried away by her brother's representative, who flung money to the executioners. We learn that this lady was the daughter of a royal secretary, and niece of a well-known counsellor in Parliament. Her own daughter was amongst the prisoners who were reprieved. The impression conveyed by these contemporary reports is that she was a political conspirator of the fashionable type, which had played at treason with a light heart in the days of the Fronde. But there was this difference—that it was now the fashion to despair of the State, in the spirit of the modern Nihilist. However this may be, it is curious to reflect how little we really know of the true history of many events and of the lives of many men and women, and how little we are likely to know until the remotest sources of history have been all explored.

Hubert Hall.

P. S.—Since the above article was in type the writer has seen for the first time a remarkable contemporary narrative of Rohan's conspiracy in the numbers of the *Revue Hebdomadaire* from December 10th, 1898, to January 21st, 1899. The narrative in question is really the autobiography of a young French officer, Du Cause de Nazelle, who claims to have discovered the conspiracy. The original MS. has been critically edited by M. Ernest Daudet, by means of collating the narrative

<sup>10</sup> We are told that he drank wine "neat," and then brandy, in order to keep up his courage.

<sup>11</sup> It was given out that he was buried in St. Paul's Church.

with the official archives. Its real hero is the schoolmaster Van den Enden, through whose mysterious proceedings De Nazelle discovered the plot. According to the English narrative, however, this was detected by a Norman official who set a watch upon La Tréaumont's movements; but it will be seen that there is a hiatus in the narrative of the schoolmaster's arrest, although the reference to the "scholar" by whose instrumentality the arrest was effected is clearly to De Nazelle himself. It is certainly desirable that this independent English version should be carefully compared with the French *mémoire*, which is obviously untrustworthy in so many details that we are justified in regarding its unsupported statements with some distrust.

The Athenaeum.

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MIDDLE-AGE ENTHUSIASMS.

We passed where flag and flower  
Signalled a jocund throng;  
We said: "Go to, the hour  
Is apt!"—and joined the song;  
And, kindling, laughed at life and care,  
Although we knew no laugh lay there.

We walked where shy birds stood  
Watching us, wonder-dumb;  
Their friendship met our mood;  
We cried: "We'll often come:  
We'll come morn, noon, eve, everwhen!"  
—We doubted we should come again.

We joyed to see strange sheens  
Leap from quaint leaves in shade;  
A secret light of greens  
They'd for their pleasure made.  
We said: "We'll set such sorts as these!"  
—We knew with night the wish would cease.

"So sweet the place," we said,  
"Its tacit tales so dear,  
Our thoughts, when breath has sped,  
Will meet and mingle here!" . . .  
"Words!" mused we. "Passed the mortal door,  
Our thoughts will reach this nook no more."

From Wessex Poems.

Thomas Hardy.

## WOMEN ARTISTS.

The year of the forty-fourth exhibition of Women Artists is not too early a date for some general reflections on the results of the efforts made by women to gain a name and a living for themselves by the practice of the arts of design. Here is nearly half a century's record of an activity which in the last twenty years has been feverish. Those who have watched with sympathy the flight women have made to secure bread-winning careers, or the right of entrance to intellectual occupations, and the success that has crowned these efforts in various directions, have been unwilling, however free from illusions as to the upshot, to pronounce judgment before the experiment in this line had been fairly tried. The experiment has been tried, girls in vast numbers have studied art under the same conditions as men—the statistics of art-studentship at the end of this century, if ever worked out, will form a curious and incredible chapter of social history—and practically nothing has come of it. In other fields there is a different story to tell. Women have made good their footing in all the subordinate ranks of the teaching and medical professions, and in these professions the work of subordinate ranks is valuable and necessary. They have also proved themselves capable in clerkships, and even the direction of business. Again, where there is an executive department in the arts, now as always they reach first-class rank—namely, in acting, singing, dancing and the performance of music. Modern literature as well as ancient courts women of genius, and modern education and freedom have opened the learned branches of letters to the sex with satisfactory results. But the arts of music and design have not from

the beginning of time till now a single woman of the first rank, or even of very high rank, to name. In these fields women have been little more than parasites; only some rare exceptions have given to their imitative work anything of individual charm. In music the separation of the executive from the composing function has given women a reason for study and abundant employment. In the arts of design it is more difficult for them to find a corresponding office; for in the case of sculpture and painting, execution is inextricably welded with invention. In architecture and the arts of design, where this is not so, the work is not only mechanical, but is apt to be physically arduous; it brings little fame to the executant, since it does not depend on the possession of a rare voice, ear, touch, or person, but only of an ordinarily accurate eye and hand, nor is it highly paid. Competition in this field is with the skilled artisan—and at the wages of skilled artisanship.

The disappointing nature of the prospect is very much disguised for women and those about them by the fact that, exactly in measure as a woman lacks the originating inventive power of design, she makes an admirable art-student, eager, industrious, docile. The first steps are delightful. To get away from an ungrateful social routine at home into the amusing society of a band of students, with the prospect of the businesslike setting up in a studio later on, is in itself tempting. Add the halo that hangs about the word "art," rapid progress in the early stages of rendering the appearance of models, the emulations and admirations of the art school, and it is easy to understand its seduction. Above all,



the instincts of the woman prompt her to mould her efforts upon the teacher's ideas with a devotee's ardor; where the boy of character keeps something of obstinate suspicion under direction, the girl is plastic to a hint. Hence an astonishing progress in the school of a quite deceptive kind, a burst of precocious imitative production upheld by example and precept, and when both are withdrawn, nothing more. The imitation weakens or hardens, or the pupil tumbles about among new influences on emerging from the first.

Of late years a certain disillusionment over painting, combined with the preaching of arts and crafts apostles, who are apt to invite all the world to practise crafts very imperfectly comprehended by themselves, has drawn off a good deal of energy from "fine" to applied art. Again, there has been plenty of application, but no more art than before. Dreadful crafts have been devised to meet the necessities of the case, of which the beaten copper dish is perhaps the most perfectly fatuous. The supply of such objects has created a certain demand, based upon affection and timidity, among the friends of the makers, but the hollow amateur's paradise must be a very short-lived one. I can recall only one example of applied design by a lady of remarkable quality: that was the painted harpsichord by Miss Coombe at the last Arts and Crafts exhibition.

It may be retorted at this point that what I say of women is true also of the vast majority of the men who enter the arts. That is perfectly true, an unpalatable truth which critics must drive home till the amateur women's ideas which rule in the Academy and the other exhibitions are discredited, and this pastime of painting is driven back to its proper place, the Charity Bazaar. In the meantime, it is our duty to discourage parents from allow-

ing their children to embark on this ambiguous career.

The Women's exhibition itself has less reason for existence than any other. The exhibitors whose work comes up to the modest standard required at galleries like those of the Academy, the Institute, the British Artists, have no difficulty in getting their work hung with that of the men. Why then a specifically woman's society? There would be equal reason for a painters' society of men with red hair or blue eyes. And when we recognize that the best members merely reproduce the ideas of popular painters of the other sex, a little defaced, deformed, or emptied out, what room is there in the world for those who are not so good? What is true of the pictures is more glaringly true of the applied art section, where by the nature of the case the absence of design declares itself more baldly. The present effervescence of shallow decorative art fostered by schools and illustrated reviews reminds one irresistibly of the monkey house at the Zoo, when a visitor's hat has been snatched by one of the eager mimics. Even so is any poor little motive in design seized, passed round the cage, torn to shreds, parcelled out among competing throngs of decorators.

I have always shrunk from the disagreeable task of noticing these exhibitions, and only do so now in hope that the clearing away of illusions may do something to save all this loss of energy and to direct it more usefully. Here is a great deal of industry, enthusiasm and training spent on the defacing and vulgarizing of ideas. This waste depends on the illusion that education can supply the place of a kind of inventive gift, so rare among women that there are millions to one of odds against its occurrence. There remains the question, Can women employ their power of imitative

accuracy and patient nicety under direction in executive branches of design with good results and profit to themselves? The market, I think it must be replied, is very limited. Take the crafts of woodcarving and metal-work, which have been made a favorite amateur toy. At present there are no living arts of woodcarving or metal-work for any one to enter, and there will not be till a sculptor of genius appears to revivify them. When that happens, the designer will call for the most efficient of journeymen carvers and modellers, and train them under his own eye to his own ideas of execution. Women will therefore have to compete with journeymen, and at journeymen's wages. Physique, and the grain of inventive freedom necessary even in this work, will settle the question. There remain a few crafts like embroidery and needlework, sedentary occupations of a mechanical kind. Here, too, the rate of payment must be a wage-rate.

So much for the economical side. But a great deal of women's activity in the arts arises among leisured people from the desire to do something, to

gain the self-respect that springs from a worthy occupation. On this side there is more hope. I have just spoken of needlework. If the designers of the future should be inspired to continue Morris' efforts in reviving tapestry, not only would there be employment for wage-earning women, but there might well be a call for volunteers to execute work for churches and public buildings, otherwise too costly. The patience and modesty of former times enriched churches and halls with incomparable wall-hangings. The combination of volunteers under an artist to carry out big works would be a wholesome substitute for the amateur art school, with its depressing lumber of superfluous canvases, battered pots, outraged wood and leather. As I see the future, then, for the "woman artist," it divides itself into the earning of moderate wages in such executive work as can be done as well by women as by men, or the performance of the same task under direction for no wages at all, but for the love of it.

D. S. M.

*The Saturday Review.*

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## THE STUDY OF TROPICAL DISEASES.

The Geographical Journal for December contains an interesting monograph, by Dr. Wistenra Sambon, upon the acclimatization of Europeans in tropical lands. The subject-matter of this paper was discussed at the Royal Geographical Society last April, and various opinions were expressed upon it. Dr. Sambon is, further, the author of other communications dealing with this question. Put briefly, his contention is that there is nothing inimical to Europeans in tropical climates which cau-

not be prevented by hygienic measures. The two main characteristics of the tropical climate, viz., heat and moisture, are practically never *per se* the cause of disease, nor do they *per se* cause any deterioration in either the colonists themselves or their progeny. The mass of the so-called diseases of tropical climates has a parasitic origin. The enormous number of deaths from malaria in the unhealthy regions of Africa, and from snake-bite in India, are quoted by the author as examples of this. Even

heat-stroke is, according to him, of parasitic origin. Further, not only is the great enemy to colonization, after actual occupation, the microbe, but the same agency comprises the great difficulty in colonization. For instance, in the French Expedition to Madagascar in 1896, only seven men were killed by Hovas, and ninety-four wounded; the deaths due to pathogenic micro-organisms numbered 6000, and the sick list from the same cause 15,000. From these facts the contention is that all we have to do in order to make Europeans thrive in the tropics, is to exterminate the pathogenic micro-organisms which are the cause of so-called tropical disease; these once subjugated, and Europeans could live in the tropics like natives.

How this is to be done is naturally the difficulty. In the case of the malarial parasite, for instance, should we set about producing immunity, or destroying the parasite in the most exposed phase of its life-history? The latter method is the one which recommends itself as being, if the most difficult, at the least the most radical; hence the importance of the minute study of the life-history of each pathogenic parasite.

To render Europeans capable of supplanting natives in tropical countries is more, as Sir Harry Johnston pointed out, than we want. The desideratum is to render a relatively small number of Europeans capable of ruling the tropics. The limited knowledge we now possess of the means of curing tuberculosis, and of exterminating the tubercle bacillus, even although some of our best workers and thinkers have devoted themselves to the subject for

more than a quarter of a century, prevents the most sanguine of us from expecting that the means of exterminating the malarial parasite will be hit in the immediate future. In spite, however, of this, no one can legitimately doubt that the careful study of the life-history of the parasite, and the nature of the so-called predisposition to malaria, will avail much in lowering the European death rate in the malarial regions of the tropics.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that there will, before long, be established in London an institution for the study of tropical disease. This institute will have a double function, viz., education and research. Use will be made of the clinical material of the port of London for teaching qualified medical practitioners who, either as members of the Government services, or as private individuals, intend practising in the tropics. In addition, research work upon the nature and causation of tropical disease will be undertaken and encouraged.

The site of the institute has been fixed at the branch hospital of the Seamen's Hospital Society, between the Royal Victoria and the Albert Docks. Upon the school buildings and enlargement of the hospital 13,000*l.* is to be spent, towards which the Colonial Office contributes 3350*l.* The maintenance of the school and the additional beds is estimated at 3050*l.* per annum, of which 1000*l.* will be paid annually by the Colonial Office in fees for the instruction of its students. The curriculum to be followed at the schools is to be arranged by a committee of experts.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Among the announcements of Dodd, Mead & Co. for early publication is a volume of Ruskin's Letters to Rossetti and others of his contemporaries.

Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) has nearly ready for publication a new novel entitled "The Dear Irish Girl." This is her third novel, and it is described by *The Athenæum* as a simple love story, not at all connected with the problems of life or the darker sides of human nature.

The Paris correspondent of a London newspaper recently interviewed the members of the French Academy, to ascertain what British authors most appealed to them. Shakespeare, naturally, headed the list; but M. Hanotaux expressed a preference for Bacon, M. Ludovic Halévy for Kipling, and M. Coppée for Dickens.

The first volume of the publication of the Irish Texts Society, containing romantic tales of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is promised for this month. In addition to the regular annual volumes the Society will publish, when its means permit, certain extra volumes containing more ancient texts. The first of these mediæval volumes will be published in May, and will contain text and translation of the fine old romance, "The Feast of Bricriu."

There is something humorously suggestive of trade union disputes in the conferences which take place between the British Publishers' Association and the Society of Authors. The Publishers' Association drew up last summer a rather surprising agreement for authors to sign, the conditions of which were briefly summarized in this department at the time. Recently, the

Association invited the Society of Authors to confer with it regarding this agreement, but the Society has stiffly declined, and the relations between the two organizations are somewhat strained.

The English publishing house of Methuen & Co. is about trying the interesting experiment of publishing new stories by popular authors in sixpenny editions. It is announced that these books are not short stories, but novels of the usual six-shilling length. The expectation is that the new stories, at the sixpenny price, will enjoy a large sale, and later, more expensive editions will be published, thus reversing the ordinary practice of putting out an expensive edition first and a cheaper edition afterward. The first book in the new series will be a new novel by E. W. Hornung, whom the Scribners have recently introduced to American readers in a volume of clever short stories.

Apropos of the difficulty which even the most practised writer often experiences in the choice of words in drawing up a document of a formal character, *The Academy* tells an amusing story which shows that the members of the recent Education Commission did not draft their report without difficulty. Canon Lyttelton relates that he and his fellow-workers discussed each phrase in order to be sure that it expressed the exact meaning the Commission intended. The phrase, "the teachers of England, a highly-trained and intelligent set of men," was read out. Some members objected to the adjectives, but the writer defended them, and the dispute was becoming warm when Prof. Jebb quietly suggested that the words would apply equally well to elephants. The phrase did not survive that.

